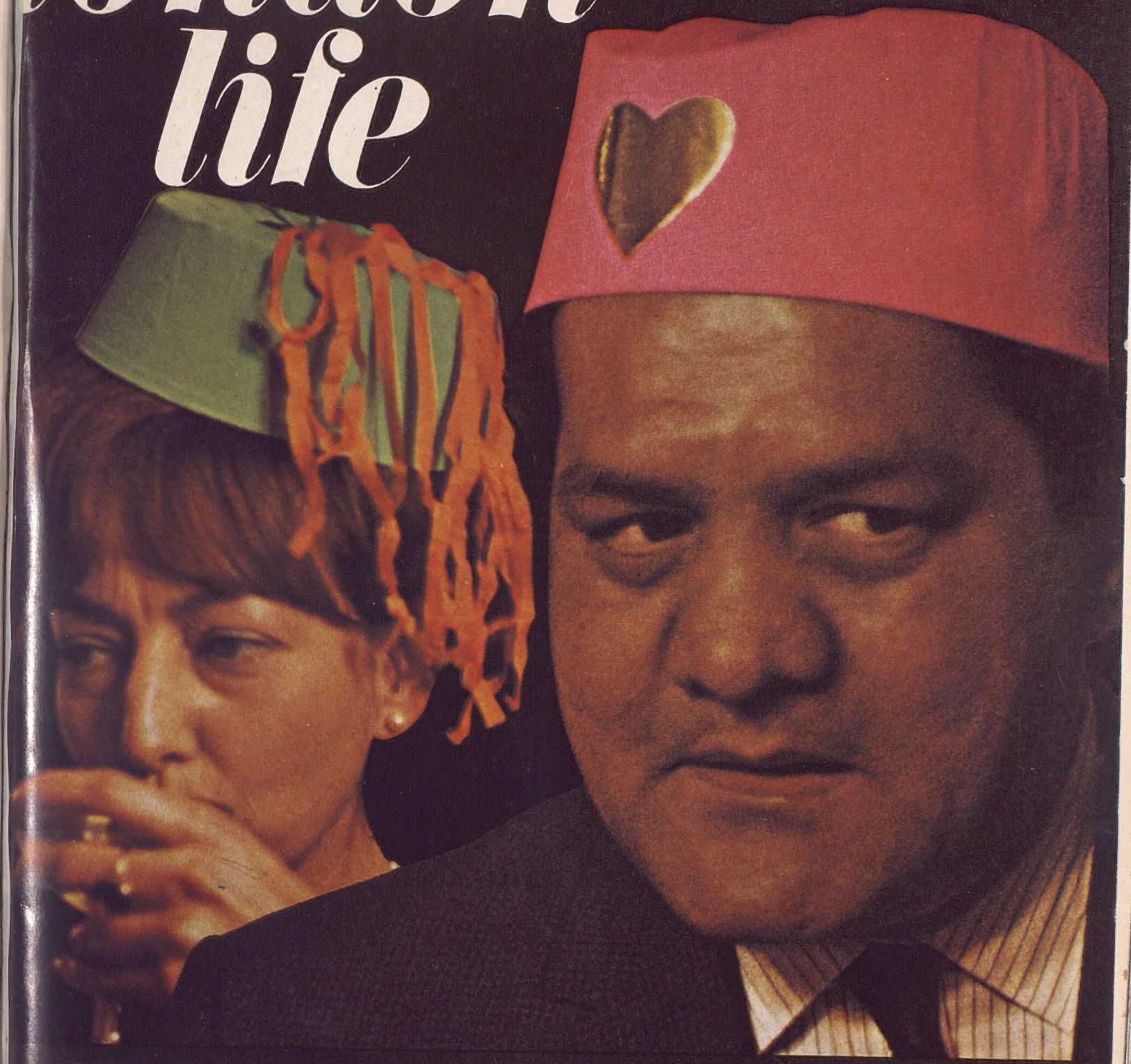
12 FEBRUARY 1966 2s 6d

London life



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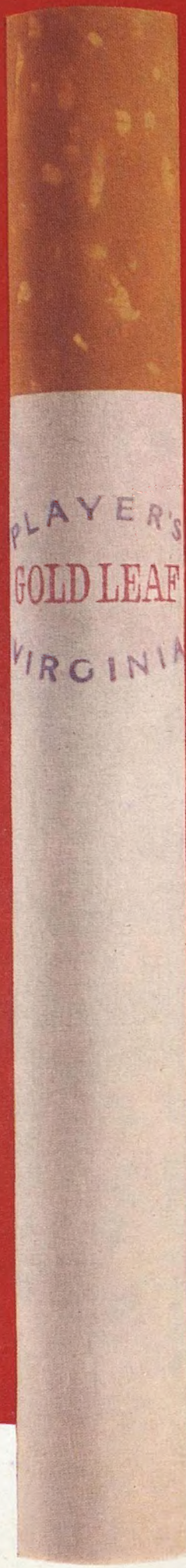

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inside london life

london life
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THE FRIENDSHIP INDUSTRY

Looking for a friend? All over London people are doing just that . . . through Friendship Clubs. Find out all about them on page 26.

Evening dress in pink organza by Lachasse in the London haute couture collections. But isn't it time for a change? See page 19.

Big names are in town. There's Ella Fitzgerald and Danny Kaye and Duke Ellington and Burton and Taylor. See page 12.

Charlie Chaplin directs Marlon Brando in his latest film. It could be a battle of giants, with Sophia Loren refereeing. See page 8.

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Plus, of course, London Life's comprehensive guide to what's going on in the world of entertainment—see page 43

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london life

Admiral Sir Varyl Begg, who takes over as Chief of Naval Staff and First Sea Lord in August, has acquired, while in the Far East as Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Forces, a reputation for great elegance. In particular, those officers privileged to fly in the C-in-C's private Hastings were vastly impressed not only by its cream and blue decor, the sterling silver at the mess table erected in the aircraft's map room, and the excellent food and wines produced by the gold-buttoned steward – but by the Admiral's habit of stripping to his underclothing the minute the plane was aloft, and spending the journey in a gold bathrobe, while his uniform was carefully valeted for the next stop.

The demand for Danny

Warren Beatty wants Danny La Rue – London's leading female impersonator – for a key role in *Kaleidoscope*, being filmed at the moment in Monte Carlo and at Pinewood with Beatty and Susannah York. The part is Dominion – a gambler who goes berserk and attacks Beatty, playing Barney Lincoln. La Rue is at present an Ugly Sister in *Cinderella* at Golders Green, and is to star as Tamara Flesch, a young FO man dressed as an alluring female spy, in the forthcoming musical *Come Spy With Me.*

Computers are lucky

Jay, Baverstock, Milne & Partners, the independent production company set up last summer by three distinguished ex-BBC men, appears to be doing well. They are reported to have turned down last month an offer from a public corporation to make a series of films, because of "pressure of work."

Since Donald Baverstock and Alasdair Milne resigned last spring and joined up with their former *Tonight* colleague Tony Jay, they have been employed by a number of companies. International Computers & Tabulators retained them as consultants for their "presentation" last September of the new 1901 computer.

Last November, the BBC announced that they had commissioned JBM to do a documentary for them – on computers. At the same time, Associated-Rediffusion appointed Alasdair Milne as "interim" producer of *This Week*: the interim lasted until the end of January.

By then A-R had also called in Baverstock, as "consultant" on their ailing *Late Show London.* However, even the dynamo who had masterminded *Tonight*, *The Great War* and *That Was The Week That Was* could not save *Late Show London* from being lopped from thrice-weekly to once.

With all this in hand, it is also reported that ABC-TV are discussing commissioning features from an independent production company – and there aren't too many of those to choose from. It all looks good for JBM: although Mr Baverstock relayed through his secretary the view that "JBM is a private Company and I don't want its affairs in the Press."

Press release: "DID YOU KNOW that the Savoy uses 14,000 *eggs per week?" No. Next question.*

Export–stone by stone

Westminster College, of Fulton, Missouri, hope to dedicate their memorial to Sir Winston Churchill in October: as his hosts when Sir Winston made his famous "Iron Curtain" speech in 1946, the College have taken pains to ensure that their monument is unique. It is, of course, St Mary Aldermanbury, the Wren church demolished last year in the City.

The stones, 700 tons of them, have been at London docks since last October, but they are finally to be shipped on 11 and 25 February in two freighters of the United States Line – at preferential rates.

Meanwhile, in Huntingdon,

continued on page 6

Steven Joseph, son of hotel millionaire Maxwell Joseph, plans to open his first restaurant: called *Bruno 1*, it will be in Park Walk, off Fulham Road. Manager will be Bruno Conci, formerly at *La Popote*, Walton Street.

Desmond Donnelly, MP, speaking on the BBC European Service: "Well, I don't know that Mr George Brown is yet quite like Mr Mussolini – he may have some of the modes of address, but no more."

Taped last Sunday, now being run over with BBC's most anxious toothcomb – the first pilot of David Frost's new satirical series, planned to run 13 weeks some time in spring. To run a mere 25 minutes each, they will

The Rev Simon Phipps (above) who, as Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge, was the darling of the gossip columns during the 'fifties – among other things, he entertained Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother – is to publish a book later in the year. Called "God on Monday," it was originally scheduled by Hodder & Stoughton for their spring list, but they now plan to produce it, as a paperback original, in August or September. The book draws on Mr Phipps' experience as industrial chaplain in Coventry.

A new novel from American author John O'Hara (above), "The Lockwood Concern," is due in April: not, as in the past from Cresset, but from the larger house of Hodder & Stoughton. If and when it goes into paperback, it will also be under a new imprint – the New English Library has taken over from Corgi. The changes took place as a result of O'Hara's trip to London last autumn, when he had conversations with all the publishers concerned.

London society this spring and summer is the richer for the arrival of Annouchka von Mecks (above), for many years the constant companion of Karim, the Aga Khan. Since the Aga Khan announced that their friendship could never lead to marriage for "reasons of state," Miss von Mecks has been in Switzerland, and has now taken a house in Belgravia. As a change from all those years of being pursued by photographers, Miss von Mecks has also decided to start taking pictures: our photograph shows her working hard at a party given by Edmond de Rothschild, taking shots for an American fashion magazine.

come under Light Entertainment, suggesting a tight rein on Frost's penchant for straying into news and documentary.

Publishers Macdonald & Co, after a fire in their post-room last week, are telling all booksellers and literary agents that if a book, synopsis, contract or cheque hasn't been acknowledged, it may have been burnt. "As far as we can tell," says editorial director James Taylor-Whitehead, "We haven't lost any manuscripts—but it is possible one could have been completely destroyed."

Decca will shortly issue, on three LP's a complete recording of the National Theatre's version of *Much Ado About Nothing:* directed by Franco Zeffirelli, it stars Albert Finney and Maggie Smith.

Conversation at Michael White's first-night party for *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (now at the Prince of Wales's).

London Life: Did you enjoy the show?

TV Fashion girl Jackie Crier: What show?

LL: The one we're here celebrating.

Jackie Crier: Oh, *Batman.*

From 7 March to 19 March, Simpson's Piccadilly will be totally Geordie-fied: the whole store is to be given over to the single theme of "NE66 — the North East comes to Town."

Rapidly catching up on John Mills as the head of Britain's busiest show-business family is Jack Watling (top)—Wilder's ubiquitous straight-man in "The Power Game." Jack himself, apart from his successful tailor's shop in Buckhurst Hill, will be busy for months if not years to come in ATV's favourite series: but his four children have all started their own entertainment careers well. Eldest daughter Dilys, 23 (above, right) having been in "Pickwick," "The Roar of the Greasepaint," etc., and "Our Man Crichton," as well as recording "Say Who You Are" for Polydor records and making a film, "Theatre of Death," to be released in the spring, appears at the end of this month on BBC-TV in "Show of the Week" with Roy Castle, Dickie Henderson and Brian Rix. Next in line is Deborah, 18 (above.) She played Alice in "Alice" for

BBC-TV last autumn, Gretchen in "Calf Love" for BBC-TV again last month, and appeared in this week's "Power Game". Twelve-year-old Giles was in "Gideon's Way" last year, and has also made a film.

The baby is Nicola, 8: so far, her only performance has been in a TV commercial.

"An actor," says Jack Watling "to be happily married has to marry an unambitious but good actress."

Visitors to Westminster Abbey in this its 900th Anniversary year will undoubtedly walk through and admire what is London's oldest garden: the College garden, on the corner of Abingdon Street, which first came under cultivation in 1065. They may also stroll round the great lawn in Dean's Yard, a beautifully smooth stretch of grass. Both are, for the first time in their long history, under the control of a woman gardener, Mrs Marian Couchman (above). She is 35 and determined to make her gardens gayer and more colourful—"more feminine, if you like"; she has replanted two borders with mixed shrubs and is also planting numbers of hydrangeas which, she says, "do very well in Westminster."

london life

architect Marshall Sisson is preparing drawings for the interior of the church. Among the fittings he has unearthed for it—two very fine doorways from St Dionis Backchurch, another Wren church, but demolished in 1878. The foundations are already prepared at Fulton, but erection is expected to take about a year from arrival of the stones and Sisson's plans: in case of shortage, a Wandsworth masonry company are shipping a big chunk of "spare" Portland stone across.

Wanted: home for archers

The Royal Toxophilite Society, London's most superior home of the bow and arrow since 1781, is looking for a new headquarters and shooting ground—the present site, the Hanover Square burial ground, is to be redeveloped. The archers are looking for a large house plus a piece of grass at least 140 yards by 80 yards, within 40 miles of London.

They have been at Hanover Square since the war, when their Regent's Park premises, Archers' Hall, were bombed out. Longer-term residents of the burial ground include Laurence Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*, Sir John Parnell, an 18th-century Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and Paul Sandby, the water colourist. They'll have to go, too, according to St George's Church, the owners, when the developers are ready.

Quote from Press release issued by record company: "So I lived on this island in the Mediterranean called Ibetha." Pronounced Ibeeza?

Eve—without cuts

For the first time London will be able to see the full, uncut version of Joseph Losey's *Eve* at the National Film Theatre in the second week of April. When it was originally released, in 1962, Losey was so annoyed by the cuts made in his original 155-minute version that he took an advertisement in *Variety* to say: "I would like it known as a matter of record that the version of *Eve* now circulating in France and Italy has had twenty-five minutes cut from it": by the time it reached England another twenty minutes had gone. The film stars Jeanne Moreau and Stanley Baker.

So great is the demand for London's old street gaslights that a subsidiary company of builders William Press is to start manufacturing replicas next month: they will sell at £20 each. The company hope to snap up those genuine survivors from Soho and Pimlico which Westminster City Council is replacing with electricity later this year—they will cost about £5 each, but will need refurbishing.

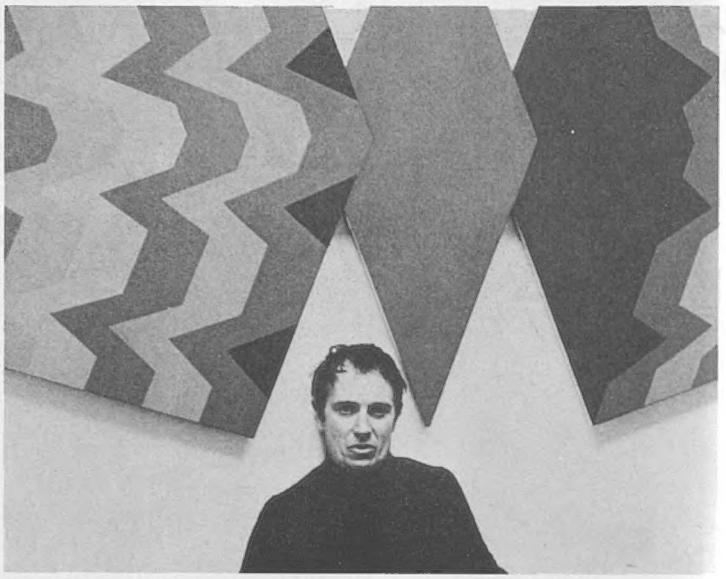
Sad for the sturgeon

As yet unreferred to the Prices and Incomes Board is one of the most disturbing price rises of the year. London's largest importers of caviar have announced a 10 per cent. rise in the cost of Beluga and Sevruga. British consumption of this genuine Russian and Iranian caviar, as opposed to the various German, Canadian and Scandinavian substitutes, runs at about one-and-a-half tons a month.

The price rise has, as usual, various causes: world consumption is rising, all handling costs have gone up, and the sturgeon hasn't been breeding well. What has been frustrating the fish's urge is modern science – new hydro-electric schemes have increased the rate of flow and siltage at river mouths, and made the sturgeon breeding grounds much less comfortable.

*Now available in France is a cigarette brand which advertises itself as "*la cigarette du marche commun*": with a solid red pack, it's called "Arsenal." The Highbury crowd always were a bit Common Market . . .*

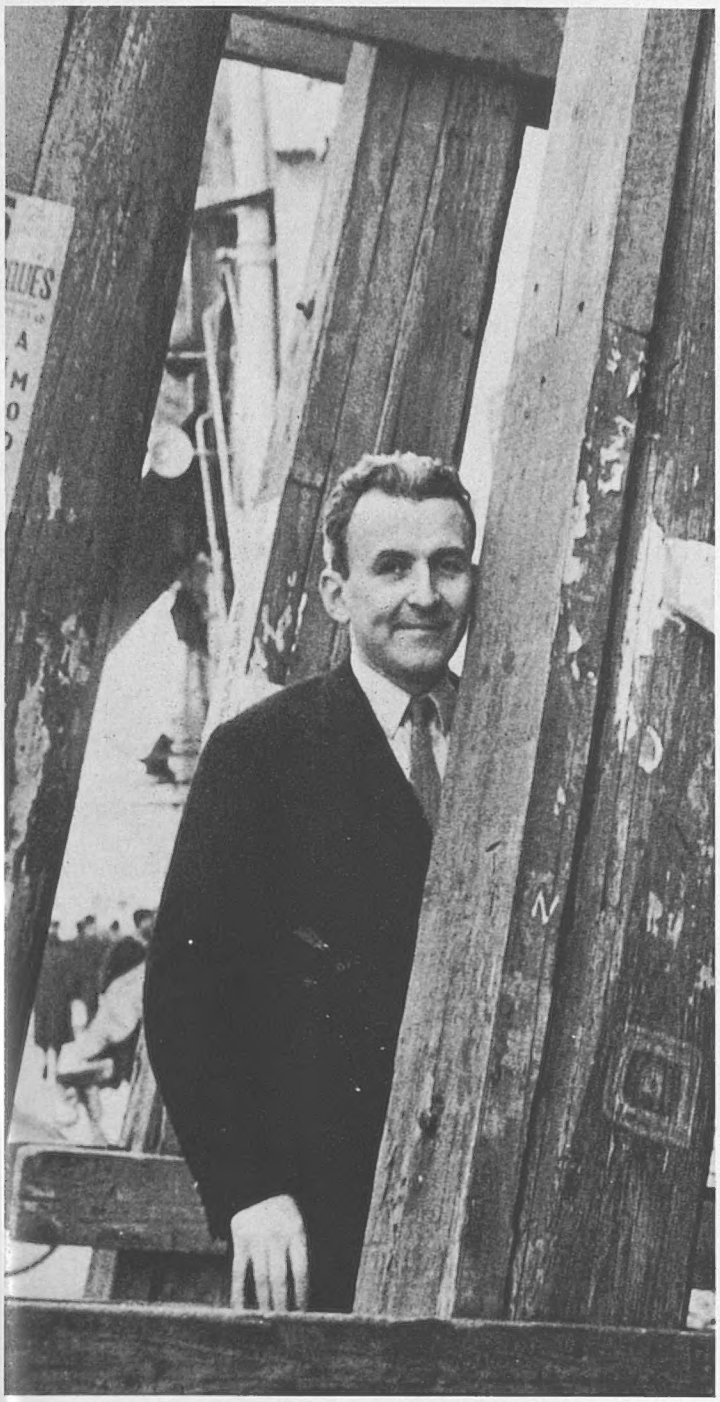
East 15 acting school—which sprang from Theatre Workshop is shortly starting work on its own theatre: it will be in a medieval barn at Loughton, Essex, and will be called the Corbett Theatre after Harry "Steptoe" Corbett (above), who gave £1,000 to secure a 14-year lease on the building. The school, started in 1961, now has 53 students and a staff of 15. To complete the work on the barn they will require a total of £13,500, of which they have so far raised £2,000.



Scattered around London, in the homes of his friends, poet Christopher Logue (above) has one of the finest private collections of contemporary British painting in the country: some of it, of course, is in his own Kensington flat, but whenever space runs out he prefers to lend works to friends rather than either to stop buying, or start selling. "I never," he says, "sell paintings."

There is no doubt that if he once started selling he could make money, Many of the painters he has bought have subsequently risen well up the market—for example, Colin Solf, Derek Boshier and David Hockney. "Francis Bacon and William Turner," he claims, "are the only two really great painters has ever had. But the modern art scene in England is flourishing—for the first time, our painters mean something outside England. Logue has bought a new Hockney:" asked how much it cost he said: "That's the least interesting thing about it. But Hockney has found a style very early—he's very distinctive. He will go on developing."

The star attractions in his own flat are at present a giant Alfred Young composition (above, framing Logue), a huge parabolic mirror from the back of a searchlight, and a carefully preserved photograph of four really sinister Chicago hoods.



In London this week on a flying visit is Maurice Girodias (above), the French publisher and night-club owner. The purpose of his visit—further negotiations with the New English Library about their publication of his Olympia Press titles, and with impresario Michael White about a London production of the Marquis de Sade's "Bedroom Philosophers." Both activities—publishing and producing—have got Girodias into trouble at home in Paris. After 10 years' life, publishing in English books that could not at the time be guaranteed against prosecution in England or the US, the Olympia Press was banned by the French in 1963.

"In the past 13 years" Girodias says, "the situation has completely reversed itself. What was forbidden in Anglo-Saxon countries is now permitted, and is forbidden in France, which for so many years had a reputation of almost complete freedom in such matters." As a result, Girodias is starting a new Olympia Press in New York, and here the New English Library will begin publishing the first of some 30 books a year for him this May.

Girodias is still keen to operate as a night-club owner too: despite the gigantic losses he suffered on a previous venture, he plans to open a restaurant. He is also eager to see his own story filmed.

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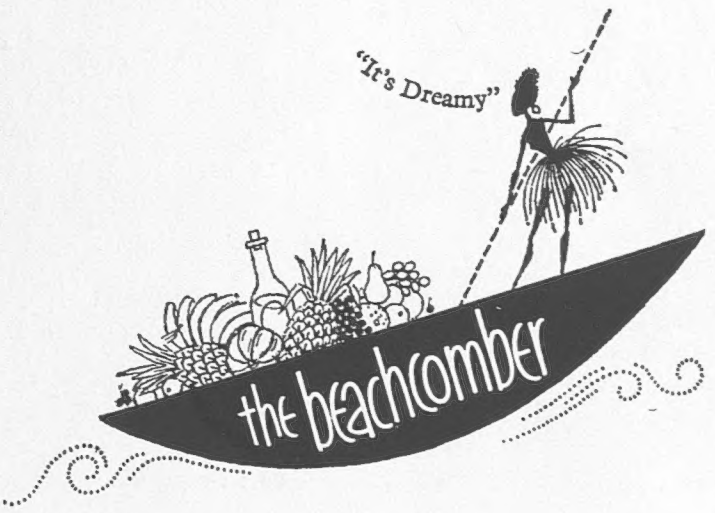

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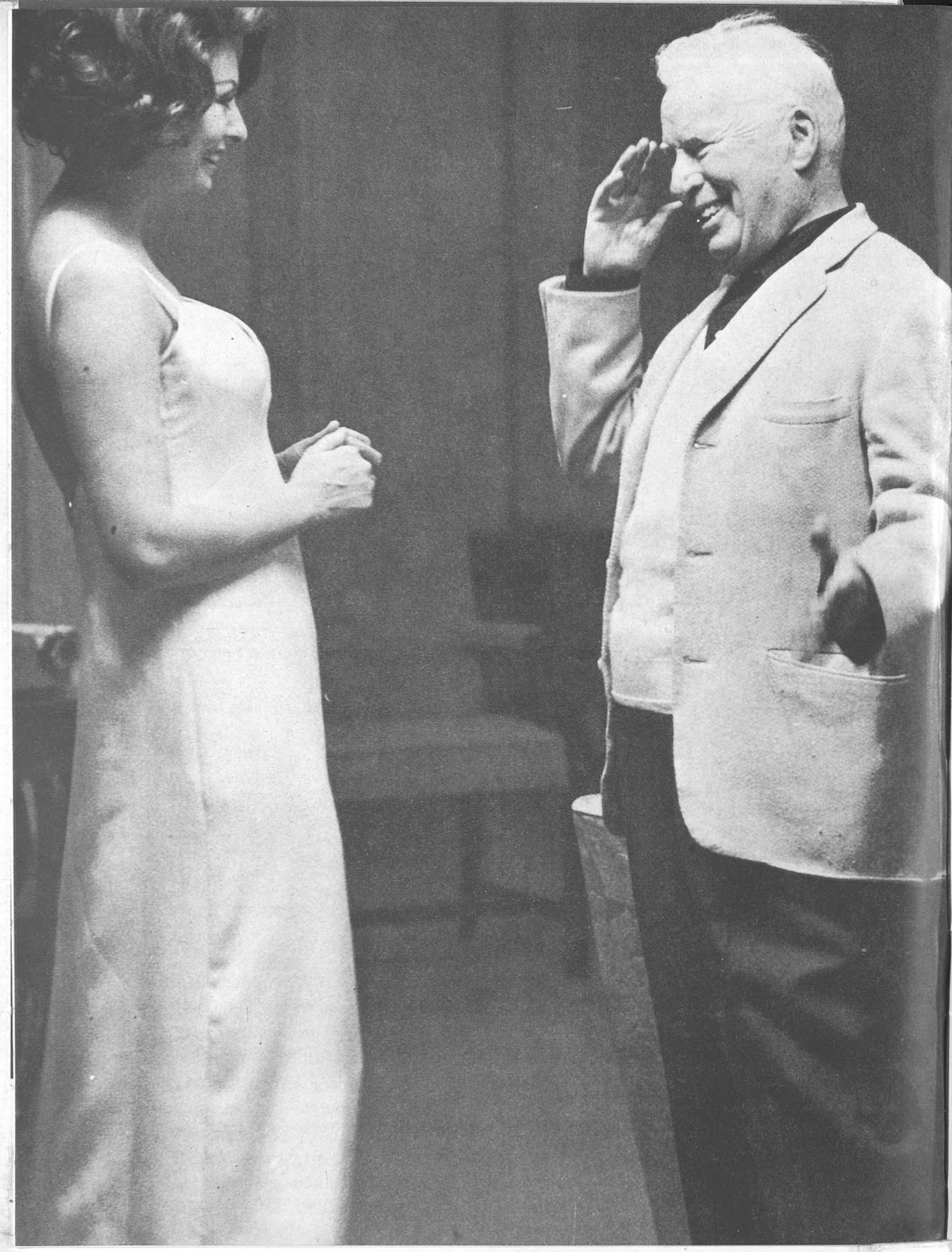

I'm your director, son

. . . said Charlie Chaplin. The occasion was when he met Marlon Brando for the first time on the set at Pinewood Studios where they prepared to start shooting on *The Countess from Hong Kong*. Chaplin (who is now 77) is no stranger to film direction—remember *Limelight*?—and, as with that film, he has written both the script and the incidental music. Also in the film are the ubiquitous Sophia Loren (left with Chaplin, and below with Brando), Charlie Chaplin's eldest son Sydney and British actor Patrick Cargill.

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

"There is nothing to writing a column," I said to the Editor with the promises of help from ten of Fleet Street's leading columnists still ringing in my ears. "I'll let you have it by Friday."

I knew there was nothing like "The Old Pals' Act." With all that advice completely free of charge, how could I fail?

First on my list was Quentin Crewe, the originator of the Charles Greville column in the *Daily Mail*, the man who for ten weeks made the "In London Last Night" column the most amusingly vitriolic daily offering ever served up in the *Evening Standard*, and who now fills a page every week in the *Sunday Mirror* with Crewe's views on anything he fancies.

"I love writing for the *Sunday Mirror*," he said. "I am never forbidden to write something because it is going to offend the proprietor's cousin."

"When you are writing," he told me, "try and get at the truth. Columnists have created many people who do not really exist. *I* know Dominic Elwes, *you* know Dominic Elwes, but the character that appears in the columns is entirely fictional.

"Never rely on the cuttings," he went on. "Take Jeremy Fry . . . . Every newspaper describes him as the godfather of Princess Margaret's child, because it was once printed—and it just isn't so. He is stuck with it for life.

"Above all, be opinionated. Tell people what you think. That is what they want from you."

I was on my way. If the other nine columnists on my list were as helpful, I could not go wrong.

Fergus Cashin, who doubles his column with the job of drama critic of the *Daily Sketch*, used to write a column every day. "When I did that, I became a bore even to myself and that was the end of the line," he said.

"Ideas don't come easily. When you are stuck, try my technique. Sometimes when there is a first night, I make an excuse to stay in town, go out and get drunk, meet someone, get an anecdote and there is the next day's column. It is all very easy.

"One thing you have got to avoid," he said, becoming serious. "Never, never be too opinionated. I realised my mistake when I started watching discussion programmes on television. I saw them all pontificating and realised what bores they all were."

Life was getting more difficult. The Earl of Arran was a comparative newcomer to the business, yet his column in the *Evening News* had made him a household figure.

"I used to be in charge of the expenses of foreign correspondents," he said. "I was a brute, an absolute brute.

"I'll pass on to you," he said with the air of a man offering me a pension for life, "the advice given me by Arthur Christiansen . . . . 'Lay about you. Get angry.' It was against the whole of my nature. I'm a very mild little man. I love my wife and children and hate rows, but it works, you know.

"One word of warning. Don't pick on people. Pick on something big like America or the British Medical Association. They never sue."

Robert Pitman, book critic for the *Sunday Express* and forthright columnist of the *Daily Express*, told me: "I was once asked what it was like to be hated by everybody. It just isn't true, you know. Most people agree with what I write. The few people who think they are setting fashion never think the same way as the vast majority of people. I even had a Christmas card signed by 40 people at the Post Office. I don't suppose any other columnist in Fleet Street had that.

"I'm certain the pseudo-intellectual middle class find me provocative. But whatever you do, don't try and write to please them. Tell it straight. Don't attempt to wrap it up."

These were stirring words.

Peter Chambers of the *Daily Express* is probably the most experienced of them all. He has written columns for the *Evening Standard* and the *Daily Express* both here and in America.

He told me: "The real problem is to get people to say something interesting or amusing. This was solved once in the 'In London Last Night' column when the quotes were written first and put into the mouth of an entirely imaginary debutante Venetia Crust, the daughter of Henry Crust, an influential City banker. She was one of the hits of the season."

He paused for a moment and added: "On second thoughts, I would not do that. It wasn't only Venetia Crust who came to a sudden and rather nasty end.

"It is much easier in America, you know. There a public relations man will ring you up with witty sayings made by Zsa Zsa Gabor (who happens to be a client) while at a corner table at Sardi's (that he happens to handle).

"In my column now I have to climb the Matterhorn, qualify as a frogman or spend the night in the deepest pot-hole in Wales," he said almost nostalgically. "I try to be off-beat," he added unnecessarily.

Pearson Phillips, once the author of "Men Behind the Money" for the *Scottish Daily Express*, and for the last three years Charles Greville himself, had no doubt what I should do.

"Lose your own personality. Become like me . . . a die stamped from the mould of common people. I'm just an amalgam of all the people I have met and worked with. Pearson Phillips does not exist any more.

"Before I wrote my column I always had turn-ups on my suits, never went where people stayed up after midnight, and always danced the fox-trot. Look at me now." It was a task that only the most hardened journalist could tackle.

The advice came thick and fast. Hunter Davies of Atticus in the *Sunday Times* told me to be nice to PROs because "after all, they have the nastiest job in the world."

Angus McGill of the *Evening Standard* warned me of the expense-account lunch. "Do it all on the telephone and then lunch with someone you actually know," he said.

"Don't be too trivial," said Bernard Levin of the *Daily Mail*.

"Don't be too grim," said Bob Pitman. "Never use the word 'I'," said Hunter Davies.

Graham Stanford of the *News of the World* had only one piece of advice. "Just spell the name right, old boy; it'll save you a fortune."

"It's the best job in journalism" added Hunter Davies. "But don't indulge yourself."

Finally, out of this mass of well-intentioned advice came these rather sad words of Quentin Crewe: "The trouble is that I have done all the things I have said you should not do."

The ten well-meaning columnists had only one thing in common. They all wished me luck—in the same sadistic tone of voice.

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ARRIVAL PLATFORM

Autograph hunters will be out in force this week. Five top-flight names from the world of entertainment are in the London catchment area. Danny Kaye is, surprisingly, conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra: Elizabeth Taylor is, surprisingly, appearing in Marlowe alongside husband Richard Burton: Duke Ellington and Ella Fitzgerald are together giving two concerts in London at the start of a country-wide tour. Here, and on the following pages, the careers of these entertainers-extraordinary are examined and re-assessed.

1: Danny Kaye

"*I'm the only conductor in the world who can't read a note of music. Luckily I have a very good ear.*"

When Danny Kaye climbs up into the conductor's rostrum at the Royal Albert Hall Charity Concert in aid of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra Appeal Fund on Tuesday, 15 February, neither the audience nor the musicians will have much idea of what is going to happen next.

"*We like the programme to come as a kind of surprise. But I am familiar with the works!*"

Not that anybody's worried, least of all Mr Kaye. Anyway, most people are only too happy to surrender themselves to Danny Kaye's hilarious brand of magic lunacy.

"*I love conducting. It gives me the greatest feeling of neurotic power in the world. I just raise my arms and a whole orchestra of* 100 *men starts to work. It's power.*"

Power or magic, neurotic or not, enough people to fill the Royal Albert Hall will pay up to 50 guineas each to have Danny Kaye exercise his neurotic magic powers on them. For Danny Kaye is in his comic element on these occasions and there are very few entertainers to equal him at his most inspired.

As a boy Danny Kaye wanted to be a doctor but he went into the insurance business until an erroneous '0' cost his firm £10,000 instead of £1,000 and he found himself short of a job. It was while he was selling ice-cream that he realised that his mobile and expressive face made people laugh. He took a job as a comedian in a holiday camp and set about developing his various talents. His first major break was a small role in the late Moss Hart's *Lady in the Dark*, which starred Gertrude Lawrence. By the simple process of rattling off the names of some 50 Russian composers he became an overnight sensation.

In his next Broadway production he was the star. But it was *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* that first revealed the full extent of his comic capabilities to the delighted Americans. Since then he has triumphantly conquered and enthralled every audience in almost every large public hall not only in America but all over the world. He has starred in 15 films, he has his own (the most popular) weekly television show in America and is generally, if not vociferously, recognised as the most versatile comedian in the world, who long ago earned his niche in the Comedians' Hall of Fame beside such names as Charlie Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy and Beatrice Lillie.

Comic, singer, dancer, mimic, master of mime and spontaneous nonsense songs, he also happens to be a highly talented conductor as the audience at the Albert Hall will doubtless discover.

The distinguished American conductor Dimitri Mitropolous has described Danny Kaye as a "born conductor who can get whatever he wants from an orchestra."

"I'm not born anything" Danny Kaye says to that. "I just like good music—but I also like good food and flying aeroplanes and no one's called me a born chef yet!"

But he can get whatever he wants from an orchestra and he can get whatever he wants from an audience as well. He can reduce staid devotees of serious music to hysterics in minutes with just one floppy rubber baton and a few grimaces, and incapacitate third violinists with uncontrollable giggles. He can have the whole orchestra in a state of discordant chaos and then brilliantly pick up the pieces, change the whole mood in the hall and moments later have the musicians and audience soaring with the music. He has been known to have his musicians so helpless with laughter that they have been completely incapable of making any organised sound at all.

"You're all fired," he stormed at Boston. "For gross incompetence." Which only made them laugh the harder.

In 1959, with the Duke of Edinburgh looking on, he played havoc with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; he smirked, shrugged, tripped up every time he took the stand, he broke the baton into smaller and smaller pieces, cowered behind the music stand during loud passages, fumbled helplessly with the score; during a Strauss waltz he ordered his musicians to stop three times and berated them furiously in Russian, French and German.

"It will be a totally irreverent evening," he promises.

Danny Kaye will only brush his unkempt mop of curly hair, take off his crazy custom-made "cockamanie space shoes" and change from his comfortable old grey flannels and sweater into a formal tail suit when he is conducting a symphony orchestra for charity. He has done it on 22 previous occasions, only once before in England, and the total takings for charity amassed from those performances amounts to over £500,000.

"*Everyone has their own way of doing things. As I see it this is the best way for me to do it. If I can give some worthy people a little more of the security they deserve then I'm only too willing to help. I like to help.*"

For his appearance on the 15 February Danny Kaye will take no fee, he will pay his own expenses, plane flight from Hollywood and hotel bills, and be back in Hollywood the following day.

"*We have a little scene going in Hollywood. They call it an hour-long weekly television show, but I call it a lot of hard work.*"

The total takings from the concert (estimated at something over £30,000) will go to the LPO Appeal Fund to put the orchestra on a securer financial footing and provide the musicians with holiday pay, sick pay and an eventual pension, none of which they are entitled to at the moment. The LPO's target is £300,000, with which they hope to form a Trust Fund enabling them to function more freely, make more tours abroad and generally increase the scope of the orchestra thereby attracting larger audiences and the best musicians. Which, with the help of Danny Kaye, they will surely accomplish.

Hugh Blackwell

Evening with Danny Kaye: Danny Kaye will conduct the LPO in a gala performance at the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday, 15 February 1966 at 8 pm in aid of the LPO Appeal Fund. Applications for tickets to "Evening with Danny Kaye," 53 Welbeck Street, London W1 (HUN 9771). Gallery (standing) 10s. Seats at 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 25 and 50 guineas (25 and 50 guinea tickets include champagne reception afterwards to meet Danny Kaye).

ARRIVAL PLATFORM

2: Duke & Ella

On his last tour here, Duke Ellington was asked by a rash journalist if he agreed that Ella Fitzgerald's stage act was lacking in presentation.

For a moment Ellington, whose equanimity is normally gigantic, let a flicker of contempt cross his face. Then the old courteous, sardonic smile slipped back into place and he replied wearily: "Man, with a voice like that, who needs presentation?"

In that remark, nevertheless, he came about as close to criticising or commenting upon music as he ever will. For to Edward Kennedy Ellington, son of a New York butler, a man who unquestionably has introduced more people to jazz than anyone in the world, there are at least two things which he refuses to have analysed: his music, and his age.

How old is he? 68? 70? Older still?

"Man, I'm so old I've forgotten."

Out of all the music he's written, which gives him the most pleasure?

"That's a real hard one. More difficult, even, than the same question about the ladies."

How come his music is categorised as jazz, when the centre of jazz — improvisation — is largely lacking?

"Oh, let's leave that one to the critics. Who knows what jazz is any more? Now back in 1923, when Fats Waller and I . . . ."

And Ellington will launch gracefully into another charming, inconsequential anecdote about his early days as a gig musician, and yet another interviewer will go away baffled by the intricate maze of whimsy with which he evades all questioning about his art.

Perhaps he is right. Perhaps there is no point in talking about music, it would be either played or listened to. Yet—how can you avoid talking about a man who is as much a monument and a curiosity as the Sphinx?

Ellington's compositions are prodigious, both in number and in concept. Nobody has an exact idea of how many pieces he has written, but there are certainly more than 15,000 of them. They range from early classics such as *Mood Indigo* and *Black and Tan Fantasy*, through standards such as *I've Got It Bad and That Ain't Good* and *Take The A Train*, to enormously complex and subtle works such as his *Black, Brown and Beige* suite, and the off-hand fatuity of such frivolous exercises as his recent *Mary Poppins* album.

In all of them he has used his band as only he knows how to use them—composing not just for instruments but for the players as individuals, so that each Ellington piece becomes an amalgam of genuine jazz feeling.

Well, nearly each piece.

Ellington has the reputation of employing the most undisciplined bunch of musicians in the world. It's not unknown for his stage act to start with two or even three of his front line missing. Once, he claimed to have bought a saxophonist because he could rely on him to double as a drummer. Another saxophonist, it's said, has been paid by Ellington for 35 years —but he's only played 34 of them. There are two interpretations generally given to this. The most charitable is that Ellington accepts this behaviour because good jazz musicians *need* to be free. The other thought—and this one often strikes a chord of response in some of the best British jazzmen—is that indiscipline is just another word for laziness.

British session musicians are renowned as the most punctual, obedient and proficient in the world. (If ever there was an example of a well-led union, it's the Musicians' Union.) In the right circumstances, they swing, too. As a bunch, they are suspicious of the renown that surrounds Ellington. He's too prolific, too pat, he doesn't sweat it out enough.

And curiously—for in almost every aspect of personality the two people are not comparable—these are the same criticisms they make of the singer touring with him, Ella Fitzgerald. Where Ellington is flamboyant, Ella retires to her hotel. Where he sweetens his acquaintances with honeyed words, she says goodnight.

But like him, music comes easy. At 15, she was about to audition as a dancer. She got stage fright, asked to sing—and has been singing professionally ever since. From time to time she has earned £4,000 a week. She has sold at least 20,000,000 discs (no, not more than the Beatles). Perhaps her most lasting achievement is the almost encyclopaedic series of musical comedy numbers: the albums containing the complete works of first Cole Porter, then Rodgers and Hart, Irving Berlin, Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Jerome Kern—and, though it's hardly musical comedy, Ellington.

In every case she has brought to the song the bell-like clarity of her voice and the honest simplicity of her approach. Ella's main achievement is to persuade one that any song she sings is worth singing, without fuss or embellishment; even her tone-pure though somewhat mechanical scat singing has the merit that it grows directly and without pretension from the melody line.

All this is in keeping with her character, or what is publicly known of her character. Ella seems to have lived her life without traumas or tragedies. She doesn't stay up late, she doesn't do eccentric Ellingtonian things like having a claret breakfast at 4 pm, she doesn't collect antiques and she doesn't drop the name of royalty at cocktail parties (which she doesn't like going to, anyway). On stage she gives a performance which projects only minimally—a maternal and friendly figure who while singing shuts her eyes more in repose than in the torture that afflicts so many blues vocalists.

Almost the only unpublished oddity is her habit of never carrying less than 1,000 dollars around in her handbag; and she tips enormously—20 dollars to a bell boy, £2 to a taxi driver.

Both Ella and Ellington have written themselves into the history of 20th-century music as popularisers without going pop. There is a frontier where jazz and light music meet. Both have crossed it, both ways, many times.

Leonard Levesley

DUKE ELLINGTON & HIS ORCHESTRA and ELLA FITZGERALD: February 1966 Tour— Sat 12 Feb: LONDON, Royal Festival Hall 6.15 and 9.0 pm (Duke & Ella). Sun 13 Feb: HAMMERSMITH, Odeon 6.0 and 8.30 pm (Duke & Ella). Mon 14 Feb: SOUTHEND, Cliffs Pavilion 7.30 and 10.0 pm (Duke only). Tues 15 Feb: BRISTOL, Colston Hall 7.30 pm (Duke only). Wed 16 Feb: BIRMINGHAM, Odeon Theatre 6.45 and 9.0 pm (Duke & Ella). Thurs 17 Feb: LIVERPOOL, University 6.30 and 9.30 pm (Duke only). Fri 18 Feb: LEEDS, Odeon Theatre 6.30 and 8.50 pm (Duke & Ella). Sat 19 Feb: MANCHESTER, Free Trade Hall 6.15 and 8.45 pm (Duke & Ella). Sun 20 Feb: HAMMERSMITH, Odeon Theatre 6.0 and 8.30 pm (Duke & Ella).

ARRIVAL PLATFORM

3: Burton & Taylor

On 14 February Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor appear together in Neville Coghill's production of *Dr Faustus* at the Oxford Playhouse. Since they married, speculation has been intense about the effect these two potent names—one of the stage, one of the screen—would have on each other's careers. Here ADAM FRANCIS scans the evidence and produces a surprising conclusion.

The very idea of Richard Burton marrying Elizabeth Taylor (art v. commercialism again, someone dubbed it) had the shock quality of the Arthur Miller-Marilyn Monroe pairing. What, the gossips howled with glee, could they possibly do for each other? And who, the sceptics speculated hopefully, would be the ultimate loser? Because, they reasoned, in a blending of such opposites, one must rebel, one must relent, one therefore must lose. Or retire, maybe.

The Miller-Monroe merger ran its natural, tragic course. Burton and Taylor, however, despite the cracks, the jokes, the headlines, are still flowing along together on a turbulent tide of champagne, mink and millions of dollars. They are surprising us still; they are blossoming still. They are, it seems, both the winner and neither is the loser.

In fact, it is the theatre only which has lost, if certain pundits are believed. We have lost the greatest potential actor of all time, they weep. "Potential!" spits Burton. "I'm never a great actor. Always a potential great actor."

Kenneth Tynan was far more explicit in his praise. "Burton," he wrote of this Welsh coal-miner's son more than a decade ago, "is first and last an animal actor, with an animal's accidental grace and unsentimental passions . . . What he has done to Shakespeare is to abolish the traditions of vocalised word music, replacing it with something more personal — the sullen poetry of the soil."

Certainly to have witnessed Burton as Coriolanus, as Hamlet, as Prince Hal, as Iago, was to have seen supreme greatness. "We all thought he was the natural successor to Olivier," recalls Tynan of Burton's theatrical heyday. "We thought he was going to be the greatest classical actor living."

Burton, however, thought differently. "I've learned," he explained, "that you can't become a great actor nowadays; it's impossible. You aren't allowed to develop in peace. Public attention is too concentrated, too blazed, too lighted, too limned."

And, fascinated as always by what fascinates the public, he went, unwarily at first, into films—a process which until only very recently, did nothing more than stunt his natural greatness. It is, however, sour grapes on the part of the theatrical aficionados to say that Burton sold out. After all, he only took up acting in the first place because it looked terribly easy—"and I was fascinated by the idea of earning so much money for what I considered so little work."

The money is even greater today. The work—even in his films—is harder; the results, often more controversial than ever his plays were. For the apparent incongruity of the Burton-Taylor mating is nothing compared to their incongruous professional teaming.

On the one hand you have them now both leaving Hollywood's glitter and gloss and gold for a couple of weeks, to go to Oxford and perform in Marlowe's *Dr Faustus*—a gesture to Burton's old teacher Neville Coghill, who is producing the play as a means to building a workshop for the University Theatre.

On the other hand, you have them both bathed in utter banality in a pretentious and phoney "adult love story," *The Sandpiper*, not forgetting the sheer poppycockery of *Cleopatra* and *The VIP's*. Of course, these films help them afford to play at Oxford, but that is perhaps little excuse.

Must there then be a loser in this unique double-act? Is Taylor really dragging Burton down to the Hollywood split-level of money before art? Or is Burton steering Taylor to higher and better ideals?

Apparently he is. *Sandpiper* included (and he never was the best judge of what film to make; witness *Rains of Ranchipur*, *Sea-wife*, *The Bramble Bush* and *Ice Palace*), Burton and Taylor are definitely beginning to take an upward swing, professionally and artistically speaking.

They are both gaining from each other's undeniably rich experience, and the results could be surprising. A film of *Macbeth* . . . a possible postponement of their promised retirements . . . and maybe a dual return to the stage. It's all possible.

It was Burton's last stage sabbatical which put him where he is today. To be sure, the *Cleopatra* farce put him in the news and made him a household, as well as box-office, name. But it was his Broadway *Hamlet* which pushed both himself and his price up to dizzy heights. His romance—*La Scandale* he calls it—had little to do with it.

Cleopatra was Burton's first film for about three years. He was virtually finished as a movie-star. He accepted the fateful trip to Rome because he was bored by his long run in *Camelot* and 20th Century Fox were prepared to buy him out of it. And because director Joe Mankiewicz promised him a playable part—to last only 20 weeks. His role, in fact, lasted 48 weeks. The rest is history. Mainly Burton's history.

For even he must admit he has benefited more from his association with Miss Taylor than any of her four previous husbands. His influence over Liz is so great that she has not made a film without him since *Cleopatra*; they have just completed their third since then, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Burton, however, has made a further four on his own.

And now, since marrying Taylor, and for the first time in his unhappy screen career, Burton has finally shown signs of getting to grips with screencraft, and becoming a potentially great film actor. His *Cleo* and *VIP's* were the screen-Burton of old; tight, taut, stunted, and basically unhappy with the whole medium. *Becket*, *Night of the Iguana* and, in particular, his new release, *The Spy Who Came In From The Cold*, reveal a marked difference.

That he has finally understood the strange business of film acting is apparent. And this is because of Elizabeth Taylor. She is a thorough professional. She started her film career as a ten-year-old and knows everything there is to know about the business. And this she has imparted to Burton, the "devious, difficult and perverse mass of contradictions" (his words) from Pontryhydyfen.

Burton freely admits this tuition. As well he might, for where film performing is concerned, he could not have a much more experienced coach than Liz Taylor. "She has," he says, "taught me subtleties in film-making which I never knew existed—and which, maddeningly, I could have discovered for myself in my previous films."

The fruition of tuition is not all one-sided, however. Elizabeth is learning much from Burton. "He never treats me like an idiot," she has said. "He makes me feel an intellectual equal of his, which of course, I'm not."

"She is interested in acting for the first time," reports Burton. "I introduced her to Sir John Gielgud and she was fascinated by him. 'Could you teach me to play Shakespeare?, she asked. He blushed bright pink and said: 'I don't see why not—if you teach me to play Tennessee Williams'!"

Burton, in fact, is her Shakespearian teacher. He teaches her children, as well; Michael (son of the second husband Michael Wilding) being the most adept.

Elizabeth's trip to Oxford is just the start for her as far as the stage is concerned. She is now as keen on theatre as Burton is on cinema. Friends say she won't rest until she has starred on Broadway and she is persuading Tennessee Williams to write a play for her.

This "new" Elizabeth Taylor should soon be seen on film, if their plans follow through. Burton aims to direct her in a film version of *Macbeth*. He hates the play; but has a visual image of it for the screen. But Liz Taylor as Lady Macbeth? "Why not?" says Burton. "For one thing she speaks poetry rather well and she is very receptive to big, imperious ideas."

Their first joint excursion into Shakespeare for the screen, however, will be *The Taming of the Shrew* which stage director Franco Zefferelli shoots in Italy, after the Burtons' dates with *Dr Faustus* and *St Joan*.

Their old pal, Peter O'Toole, will also appear in *Shrew*. Then Burton returns the favour by starring in O'Toole's *The Story of Will Adams* in Hong Kong. Then Burton aims to direct his wife and O'Toole in *A Night In Lisbon*. Then comes *Goodbye Mr Chips* back in Hollywood for Burton; maybe *Camelot*, as well. Then *Macbeth*. And then dissolve.

"Right now Elizabeth and I are at the top of the curve of success and so we have no place to go but

down," Richard Burton has remarked. "And I think 42 is a good age to retire. (*He's 41 in November.*) I'd hate to be one of those aged stars playing love scenes with young girls."

What then will their future be? Burton once intimated it would be him in the centre of the stage, with Elizabeth in the wings—knitting. The fact is, within three years both should be in the wings.

"Elizabeth never sought the centre of the stage," he says. "Her success came unsought. It even surprised her. She has this something which makes her the biggest star in the world. She's one of the selected few who aren't actors by our standards, but if you put them on a screen they emanate something—something I frankly don't understand, though I recognise it when I see it. Brando has it; Monty Clift used to have it; and, of course, Garbo had it. But it makes her the only real star of the cinema. Just as Larry Olivier is the only real star on the stage."

Burton doesn't place himself very high in either medium. Because, frankly, he dislikes acting. "It doesn't especially appeal to me," he has often said.

And so, when the contracts allow, and pet ambitions have been fulfilled, he will quit. And Elizabeth with him. They are both tired of living in the world's hotels; and of the newspapers. He should be able to continue paying the bills though for years to come—as a writer. "He wants to become a serious writer," reveals Elizabeth. "And his writing, like his conversation, is almost like poetry."

Liz has already written her book—*Elizabeth Taylor by Elizabeth Taylor*. Burton's biography is to come; "I think the publishers are hoping for something scarlet!" They won't get it. His work—as seen already in his short stories—is excellent.

Burton loved the theatre because "you have extraordinary words to say". He has often commented that the only thing in life is language. For him the modern playwrights provide no ideas or language. This then is what he's going to do. Something that he's always done so successfully, whether on the stage or reminiscing backstage — provide a magical, lyrical flow of words. Language—in an age of slanguage.

LUV, LUV, LUV!

. . . but now Valentine Day is big business, says
D'ESTE BOND

Valentine cards from 1684 (date of one of the earliest) up to 1840 were do-it-yourself affairs. Lace, hearts, angels, love-knots, love-birds and even verse were laboriously completed by the lover himself—a real labour of love. Now Valentine Day—14 February—is big industry.

Even in the 1850's girls were making Valentine cards on the assembly line in America and very little of the sentiment has been lost in the industrialisation. There are still the lace and the satin (now sometimes red plastic) hearts, the gilt brooches of Cupid's quiver, angels now) and there are frosting and expensive acetate finishes, as well.

Times have certainly changed in some respects, however. Mechanicals, which started in the 1870's, are still fashionable, but in a very different style. Nowadays they tend to be lovey-dovey bunnies (or puppies or birds) projected into one another's arms as you open the card. They used to be churchyards where the church doors opened to reveal the perfect marriage scene, or ships with sides that opened to show the faithful sailor. Some were made like paper dolls, and one early one had a place to stick the lady's lace nightcap on the front. One big gimmick in the Victorian Valentine was the Bank of True Love notes. These lasted only a short time in England, however, before being banned and actually recalled, because they were considered too much like the real thing.

Where it all began is dubious. St. Valentine was a Roman priest martyred for turning Christian in about A.D. 270—supposedly on 14 February. Legend has it that he cured his jailer's daughter of blindness and that a pink almond tree—symbol of abiding love—blossomed near his grave. This date is conveniently linked with the feast of Juno Regina on 14 February, when boys drew lots for the girls to be their partners in the celebrations, and the Roman Lupercalia fertility rites on 15 February.

The golden age of the Valentine was in the 1840's and 50's, around gold-rush time in Australia. Heavily decorated cards about two feet long, made specially for the gold-diggers, were sold at £10 to £25. Around the same time in America Whitney's were selling them for up to 50 dollars. Now, with 25s the maximum, the average is under 3s. But the numbers sold make a big difference to the manufacturers. Hanson White say they sell about 60,000 copies of a popular card (theirs are all funnies at 1s 6d each). They have over 40 designs this year. Not all of them sell that well, but if the average sales are only 30,000, the annual turnover would be about £90,000. And Valentine Day is only a very small part of the whole card business.

Kaye-Gibson, who consider themselves one of the largest manufacturers now, with about 800 employees in a vast factory in North London, started in 1950 with only three young men and an idea in an Islington cellar. Kaye are producing about 2,013,000 cards for Valentine Day this year, and are preparing 126 designs for 1967.

A large majority of our Valentines come from America. The first Kaye range in 1951 was entirely American. Some still come from the States and the American influence is now firmly stamped on the standard British card.

Brent Press, who claim to sell about three million cards in the year, say all their humorous ones come from the States, and constitute 70 per cent. of their Valentines.

Hallmark *is* an American company. So all their 200 or more designs come from America. Apart from production, the only thing carried out in this country is translating for the European market. They export to Scandinavia, Germany, France and Italy.

Hanson White, who do the "contemporary humour" funnies (*never* "sick") is an entirely British company, but even so their contracts in the States bring in all their designs.

Gordon Fraser Gallery, on the other hand, are among the few publishers working against the tide and exporting to America. And making a success of it that they themselves find "frightening." All their designs go across, and the American public were computed to have spent about 1,000 dollars a day on their cards (all seasons) which are still an exclusive "prestige line" in the States.

Raphael Tuck have been in the business since the 1880's, and will still produce 200-300 designs a year, printing an average of 10,000 per design. They claim in fact that it was Lady Tuck, wife of Sir Adolf, who prevailed on her husband to revive the Valentine in 1926. The habit of sending them had died out after the "Uglies" of the end of the last century finally put people right off the idea. The "Uglies," mostly addressed to members of particular trades (jeering at the milkman, the baker or the butcher), were the forerunners of today's "sick" humour.

Who are the people that actually design the cards? Among the most successful in this country is Gordon Fraser's artist, Marion Wilson—of the legendary little-girl-in-fluff-and-feathers-and-flowers fame. Although she admits to making a lot of money, Marion says she doesn't do it only for the money. "I love doing Valentines. I think it's a lovely sentiment," she says.

Marion Wilson has produced thousands of these doll-like characters over the years, and this year 12 of Gordon Fraser's 26 designs will be hers. The captions are whimsical too—"Take my heart—it's yours," "I love you—really I do," or simply "Luv, luv, luv."

There are several other free-lance artists of course—but the bigger companies tend to buy abroad.

The girls in Verse and Titles Department are supposed to be able to write verses on demand, but it's expensive on the girl's time. So most of their work is looking up the files of the "verse library" for a suitable piece that hasn't been used before. Some can be repeated, after two years, or adapted (Americanisms are still ruled out) to suit the new card. There's plenty of material for Valentines.

Raphael Tuck have two or three dozen outside writers on their books, none on the staff, they say, and Brent Press have about half a dozen freelances.

The final work is on the factory floor, and some of the most creative people are the women who put the complicated cards together. Kaye, for example, have about 300 women sticking the silk padded cushions and the lace on to the card by hand, fitting the separate verse-page, and slipping the cards into polythene bags or boxes ready for the shopwindow and the eager customers.

TIME TO CHANGE TOP GEAR?

by Shuna Harwood

London's haute couture – or, in other words, the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers – is, with the exception of three houses, now showing its spring/summer collections.

Impact – NIL: a short-lived column of pleasantries after the Press showing, and loyal coverage in the monthly glossies – and most of the world is none the wiser. So unlike the extravagant excitement of the Paris collections, which have become the springboard for big mass production business. At each collection world-wide trends are set for the following six months.

London couture is never shown in an atmosphere of near-hysteria, with large sums of money securing manufacturers a seat to see the show, and with a Press release date to be honoured as in Paris. The reason is that it is simply not worth copying uninspired collections.

But, as Hardy Amies says: "Nobody expects haute couture to be trend setting any more." True. In fact, two London houses

continued overleaf

Norman Hartnell. Typical of the Hartnell image today and yesterday, this draped evening dress in Hurel's turquoise silk jersey. Turquoise and gold cluster pin worn at the waist, by Norman Hartnell Jewellery Company.

TIME TO CHANGE TOP GEAR?

continued from page 19

did show clothes that looked as if they had been cut from basic patterns dating back to about 1954.

Mr Amies says: "What we shall go on providing, as long as there's a demand, is expensive, beautifully-made clothes for the woman who is a perfectionist about her wardrobe."

He speaks for himself. But not all our couture houses produce beautifully-made clothes. Far from it. Even though the collections are presumably advertisements, mass-produced clothes today are so good that couture (which is fitted for each individual customer) goes unrecognised unless worn inside out with the label showing!

Couture clothes *are* expensive. Prices range from £60 for a woollen dress to £200 and over for an evening dress. Coats and suits are from £70 to £165. Not exclusive though, even at this price. So why this twice-yearly exercise in polite boredom?

Perhaps it is to remind the masses that couture, which after all does only mean "dressmaking," still exists.

But really, is all the effort worth it?

Michael. Toffee-coloured Lesur wool suit with flared skirt brightened with vivid plum and yellow striped necktie and bowler. The bowler is by Graham Smith at Michael. Gloves by Morley.

John Cavanagh. A flurry of pleats emerging under a long, lean jacket on this suit in turquoise Otterburn wool. Turquoise felt bowler tilted forward designed exclusively for John Cavanagh by Reed Crawford. Gilt and pearl earrings from the John Cavanagh Boutique.

Hardy Amies. Wearable navy Labbey wool suit with zip-front jacket. Blouse and collar trimming in Moreau beige cotton and cloqué. Brown straw punnet hat by Hardy Amies. Gloves by Dent.

Mattli. Tunics played a big part in this collection, and this is a typical example in Staron's banana silk. Gold and diamond spiked pin by John Donald.

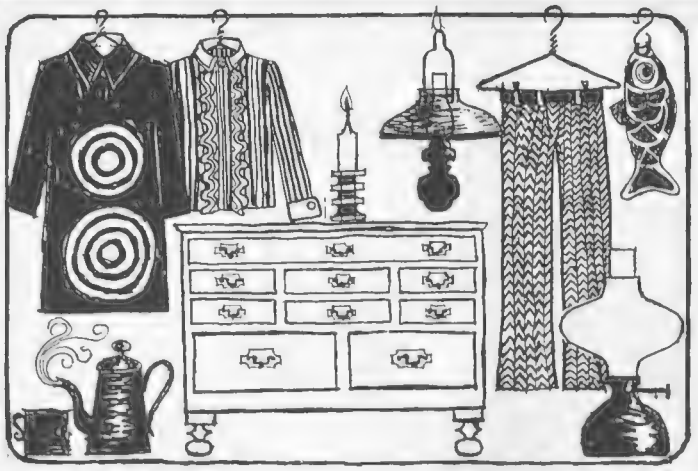
Charles Creed. Coat and dress reminiscent of the fifties. The coat in Guillemin's champagne-coloured ribbed slub silk, the dress in Guillemin's matching silk organza. Black straw cockleshell hat designed for Charles Creed by Madame Vernier. Gloves by Morley.

Charles Creed. Shapeless double-breasted dress which can be worn back to front as the mood takes you, in Ducharne's yellow and black check silk serge. Wide-brimmed black straw hat designed for Charles Creed by Madame Vernier. Gloves by Morley.

Lachasse. Lesur's novelty woven check navy wool for this ordinary day dress belted in red suede and called "London Life" for no apparent reason. The helmet, if not the dress, would make anyone stand out in a crowd; in navy and white straw by Madame Emmy Gruder at Lachasse.

THIS IS CHELSEA

King's Road, Wednesday



On display in Cale Street's Hung On You, the boutique scene's farthest-in boutique with the farthest-out ideas in fashions, is a figure-hugging nigger-brown velvet double-breasted jacket with bottle-green lapels and cuffs and a mustard-coloured Paisley lining; FOR MEN!

Also on display, but only for the very camp or the very bold, are velvet trousers in maroon, purple and mauve. For the less intrepid: flared light and dark brown striped herringbone tweed trousers, frilly fronted shirts with unequal stripes in various combinations of sea green, chestnut brown and blue; op-art ties of course; wide black suede belts with coloured ceramic or silver filigree clasps; and two-tone brogue shoes in brown and red or black and green or black and white – with laces!

If that doesn't blow your mind, cross Cale Street to AquaSprite where for women they have racks and racks of PVC and plastic skirts, jackets, boots, suits and caps in blinding primary colours and bold black and white op-art patterns.

Best sellers seem to be lime green or canary yellow plastic trouser suits, black and white V striped jackets, anoraks with bull's-eyes on the back, and domino-patterned mob caps.

In the King's Road, apart from Top Gear, Countdown, His Clothes, John Michael, Just Men, John Stephen, Alexis, She, Guy, Bazaar and Jaeger, there are 41 antique shops, 16 delicatessens, several supermarkets, Peter Jones, Chelsea Barracks, the Kenco Coffee House, The Spot, The Chelsea Kitchen, The Chelsea Potter, The Six Bells and The World's End, Le Gigolo, the Classic cinema and the Town Hall.

For your information the Chelsea Community Association has a fortnightly meeting of the Aquarium Society on Wednesday at 7.30 pm. The Speleological Society meets on Tuesdays at 7.30 pm. Jack and Jill Club meetings are held on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays from 5.30-7 pm at the Play Centre. The retired people's foot clinic is held on Mondays and Thursdays from 1-4 pm. The Puppetry Group meet on Mondays at 7 pm. On Saturdays Ye Olde Chelsea Bookstall is open and is frequently accompanied by a jumble sale.

Kensington and Chelsea Council have created a grant of £1,200 to assist "young drifters to achieve a greater sense of social security in society."

Lying around the flat of Lady Mowbray and Stourton at Elm Park Gardens are historic Suffragette chains complete with a nine-inch-deep leather belt and a "Votes for women, next meeting Thursday" banner.

"I did not want them rotting in a box-room, so I brought them down here," she said.

"WANTED, young boy 12-16, to walk poodle, evenings."

—advertisement in a confectioner's window.

Seen among the collection of brica in the 60 stalls of the Chelsea Antique Market, 235 King's Road: a Victorian pub till; feather boas; Charleston dresses hung with beads; 19th-century *pâté du dentifrice* posters from Paris, 18th-century butchers' saws and meat hooks; spits and silver pinch-beck embossed snuff-boxes; carriage lights and lanthorns; a portable sundial; Chinese temple gongs and Indian mosaic-patterned toy wooden balls; Persian candlesticks; an 18th-century seated Chinese god of letters; a percussion-cap, self-rotating-action pepperbox pistol by Tipping and Lawrence.

Large Beardsley reproductions from Vernon Lambert at £2 10s; a bust of a helmeted goddess; a huge phonograph and 78 records of Blossom Seeley, Sophie Tucker and Bessie Smith; a gilded bird cage and a geisha mirror *circa* 1850; mortars and pestles; silver buckles, thimbles, rings, clasps, buttons, boxes, combs and marrow scoops; Victorian telephones; huge fringed lampshades; a rocking-horse.

Pictures of *The Idle Apprentice* (turned away and sent to sea), *The Industrious Apprentice* (married to his master's daughter), *The Idle Apprentice* (returned from sea and in a garret with a prostitute), *Impeachment of the Idle Apprentice*, and *The Idle Apprentice* executed at Tyburn.

And more, much more.

"Manor. Edward of Salisbury holds Cercchede (Chelsea) for two hides. The land is five carucates. In the demesne is one hide and two ploughs. The villeins have one plough and two more could be made. There are two villeins with half a virgate and three bordars each with five acres and three serfs. Meadow for two ploughs. Pasture for cattle of the ville....Wlwene a vassal of King Edward held this manor; he could sell it when he pleased."

– *Extract from the Domesday Book.*

The illegitimacy figure in Chelsea has jumped from a total of 61 in 1964 to 84 last year.

FOR SALE – One Chelsea landmark – number 215 King's Road, a Queen Anne house, built about 1701, with a high fence round it, and scheduled as being of architectural and historic interest. Previous owners include Ellen Terry, Dr Arne – who, presumably inspired by his magnificent surroundings, wrote "Rule Britannia" there – and Peter Ustinov.

The present owner is Mr Jon Bannenberg, a member of the Q4 design team. Mr Bannenberg is moving to Carlyle Square, the centre of a heated redevelopment controversy.

The dining room extends the full depth of the house; it has the original shutters, a fig tree and vine in the backyard, its original pine staircase to the first floor and an open-plan kitchen in the basement. The price is £10,000 for a 21-year lease. The freeholders are the Church Commissioners. The agents, needless to say, are Knight, Frank and Rutley.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...

Suna Portman is a free-lance journalist, still lives in Chelsea.

Lady Jane Vane Tempest Stuart, now Mrs Max Rayne, lives . . .

Lord Eliot, who married Jacquetta Lambton, is in Cornwall looking after the family's estate.

Johnny Fenton, ex-manager of the Moody Blues, ex-manager of Jugs O' Henry, ex-manager of the Beatstalkers, ex-manager of Goldie, ex-manager of Tony Washington, now has an interest in Julian Covey and His Machines.

Tara Browne is in Paris but still has his pad in Chelsea.

Johnny Summers, deep-voiced wit, is in Rome making a television profile film on Fellini.

Tony Secunda runs another potential chart storming group The Action – tipped to succeed The Who when they come down.

Chris Radmall is managing the Mickey Finns and partners George Harrison and Alan Freeman in the management of Sibilla's, the club with the mobile opening date.

Brian Walsh, about the grooviest-looking guy around Chelsea, who played the con man in the controversial television film, *Don't I Look Like a Lord's Son?*" still looks exactly like a con man who looks exactly like a Lord's son.

Tim Hudson, disc jockey in Los Angeles, now calls himself "Lord Tim."

Denny Cordell (married Mia Boyd and they have a groovy son called Barny) is head of a record company handling Georgie Fame, the Moody Blues and a new and talented singer called Beverley.

Bobby Davidson, making it as a free-lance photographer, has a studio in Frith Street, a penthouse in Pont Street and the biggest bed in London (144 sq. ft.) with adequate switchboard.

Roy James (The Weasel) is still in nick.

Bright sight for Chelsea helicopter owners and top floor flat dwellers is Countess Kinsky's period pictures painted on the chimney walls on the roof of her seventh – floor flat in Cadogan Square.

Diane Cilento (above), in a pale pink crêpe dress with roll collar and cuffs embroidered with what designer Clive calls Lux soap flakes. This dress is from Clive's new collection.

Emma Drew (left), actress. She bought the plus-two trouser suit in brown and white herring-bone tweed and suede at Quorum.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

photographs by Peter Akehurst

continued overleaf

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

continued

Angela Sharpe (above left), the designer, wearing one of the best-selling dresses from her mid-season collection, a black and white rayon jersey dress.

Tsai Chin (left), in a blue Indian silk dress designed by herself. It was made for her—as are most of her clothes—by Shereen Fairclough. Tsai Chin is now filming *The Brides of Fu Man Chu.*

Lady Annabel Birley (above), Annabel of Annabel's night club, wearing a neatly fitting grey suit with a flared skirt, from Wallis. Her pink crêpe blouse is from the Christian Dior boutique.

Jane Birkin (right), actress, married to musician John Barry, composer of the 007 sound. She is wearing a black pleated chiffon dress with beaded top from Maxine Leighton which she has taken with her on holiday to America.

Gail Ansell above), a final ear student at the Royal College of Art fashion school, where she is mainly designing men's wear. Her hacking suit, designed and made by herself, of course, is of Scottish tweed in brown, navy and beige; worn with a white shirt and maroon and navy sweater.

Louise Pongracz (above), who works at the Temple Gallery, looking here like Manet's barmaid for the Boudin Ball. Her cotton lace blouse comes from Neatawear, and she designed and made the plum silk skirt herself.

Angela Cash (left) designer of Angela at London Town clothes, in one of her dresses which she will take with her on a personal appearance at a British Week in one of Canada's leading stores. Black crêpe, with a striped black and white crêpon skirt.

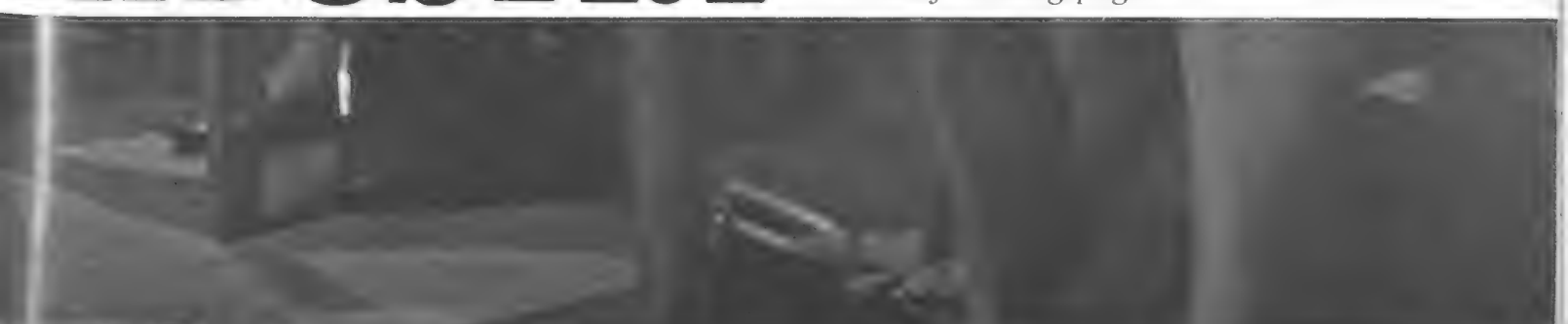
Dena Kaye (right), 17-year-old daughter of Danny Kaye, over here on a visit from Stanford University. Her beautiful black crêpe evening dress is by Yves St Laurent and has cut-out sides, which sweep up to a big bow at the back.

Niké Williams (above), artist, one-time disc-jockey at the In Place, now a waitress, wearing a black wool coat and suede butcher-boy cap.

THE FRIENDSHIP

INDUSTRY

Party time at the Companions Club . . .
one of the friendship clubs
JANE WILSON investigates
on the following pages . . .



THE FRIENDSHIP INDUSTRY

Dear Madam,

A short while ago I posted you details of "Alpha—The Nucleus of Social Achievement" and I am rather suprised that I have not yet been able to enrol you as a member. I am also concerned as I am urgently in need of many more ladies of all ages. At the moment I have far too many gentlemen on my books who are complaining that they have not yet received any introductions. With the present shortage of ladies, and with the ever increasing number of gentlemen joining daily, I am faced with the prospect of rejecting future applications from gentlemen unless I can somehow remedy this situation."

This is the latest letter I have had from a marriage bureau I wrote to by mistake. I was searching in the small ads for "Friendship" clubs, and sometimes the wording is confusing. Friendship clubs just offer "people" and don't specify what sex they will be. Marriage bureaux sometimes do the same because they don't know what sex their readers are going to be. "Alpha—The Nucleus of Social Achievement" is clearly in a fix since it states most firmly that "this agency does not cater for males seeking males—except in pursuit of hobbies approved by the proprietors." Friendship clubs have no such difficulties and are currently enjoying a small boom among lonely people and people who cannot bring themselves to go to a marriage bureau. Friendship clubs are a compromise. You can hang on to your illusions, and you are not "committed."

What does the advertisement at the top of the page suggest to you? A group of people from the bedsitter belt standing round in a dingy clubroom somewhere drinking sparkling Algerian hock? Peter Millin, 35, the sharp-featured, self-styled "psychologist" who runs the club, hopes that "Champagne" suggests "gaiety, sparkle in life, and that sort of thing" but is afraid that it may also suggest inordinate expense. The advertisement, with one or two variants, has been appearing for about five months now and the club has just over a hundred members. If you write to 74 Amhurst Park N16, you get back by return of post a letter headed PARTIES UNLIMITED (THE CHAMPAGNE CLUB). The address appears under the imposing title of "The Social Centre Offices." The letter begins "Dear Friend" and it tells you that if you join the club—two guineas for men, 15s 6d for women—you will be introduced to other members at social evenings and parties, that you will be able to take part in discussion groups, and that "this is an ideal opportunity to widen your social circle." Members, the letter states, include doctors, directors and nurses. Something for everyone.

MAKE FRIENDS and meet interesting
people at our Champagne Parties! Free
details write THE CHAMPAGNE CLUB,
PE74 Amhurst Park, London, N.16.

As a paid-up card-carrying member of the Champagne Club, I was entitled to attend a function called IN THE NEWS to be held in the basement of the Cabana Coffee Bar just off Regent Street. The Cabana does not charge Millin for the use of its basement—it just serves cappuchino and squashy cake at 3s 6d a go to everyone who comes along. The IN THE NEWS session produced more than 50 cake-and-coffee consumers, which is not bad business for a cold Sunday night. But this "venue" has certain disadvantages as a clubroom. It is long and narrow, particularly in the middle where there is an open staircase from the restaurant above. Down these stairs come the sounds of ordinary haphazard social behaviour, of argument among the coffee bar staff, and of the Gaggia machine getting up a good head of steam. Fairly long tracts of IN THE NEWS were therefore inaudible. Millin took the chair and members arranged themselves as compactly and as comfortably as possible around the formica-topped tables. A discussion of "The Pill" was in progress. A lady without a wedding ring spoke defiantly—"I can tell you from experience that the big disadvantage of this drug is that it makes you feel less sexy." Millin thanked her and paraphrased her remarks, substituting "less active." A bearded man stood up shaking with emotion—"People who cannot control themselves for five days every month do not deserve the pleasures of sex. That's all I can say."

Like tube passengers

The assembled company looked like the passengers in any tube train if you were to remove anyone in overalls, noticeably under 30 or strikingly good-looking. It was no more remarkable that they should sit together discussing birth control than it would be to find such an exchange in progress among total strangers on the Bakerloo Line. Millin suggested, firmly, that the subject of discussion be changed. Fifty people sat impassively for a long moment. It was as though we were waiting. Godot—beefy and adorned with a blinding tie-clip—suggested that we should talk about Rhodesia.

It was all the fault of Moscow and Peking—stirring up the blacks all over the world when everyone knew that they were only one stage removed from savages. There was some muttering at this. Millin paraphrased Tie Clip's remarks until they assumed a more liberal form. It was now coffee time. Members then grouped around the tables as chance dictated.

I was with a woman in her forties and several hand-knitted sweaters, a gentle blue-eyed woman of about 35, and a young man who wore a green cardigan with the collar arranged outside his suit jacket. On his cheek bones was the top half of a thin beard. His hairstyle was ambitious and it had been doused with a powerful perfumed dressing. He lent forward over the chocolate gateaux, his eyes gleaming with enthusiasm—"I like a good discussion you know. What I think about Rhodesia is that if it happens it must be right. I mean, whatever happens is right isn't it? But maybe I'm getting a bit DEEP for you! I think there's a real need for a club like this, somewhere where you can really have a discussion. There's plenty of places where you can go just to be social—dances and that." The woman in the sweaters tugged sharply at my shoulder. "H G Wells said there would be an atom war in 1966. It was all in this film *The Time Machine* and it was very frightening. All this lava poured down on the cities and the world was ruled by blond-haired people in palaces while the conquered races worked in mines underground. Aren't you scared you'll get CANCER smoking like that?" The blue-eyed woman sitting opposite said her best friend had died of lung cancer a year ago but she hadn't smoked at all. Everyone drank their coffee. It seemed to be my turn to unburden myself in some way—but I could think of nothing at all to say. The sweatered woman began to talk again about H G Wells and The End Of The World and what her mother thought about it all. Reality slipped away, and the young man who liked discussion was playing footsie.

It was time for more discussion. Millin said "NOW—perhaps we could talk about something lighter, possibly something *amusing* even." At a future meeting of the club Millin is to give a lecture on *The Psychology of Sex* and there is also to be a debate *That The Female Is Superior To The Male*. The programme note says "this promises to be a highly controversial and amusing evening." Another "interesting and controversial evening" will take place at the Shaftesbury Hotel on 27 February when "the well known Spirit Healer, Mrs. Leigh, will give a talk on Spirit Healing."

These occasions, like the IN THE NEWS meeting, will be held in common with a group called the Unique Cultural/Social Club, which states as its object "To widen one's cultural horizons in a truly Friendly atmosphere." The "Unique" advertises in the same personal columns as the Champagne Club, but it has a different address—33 Sheringham Avenue, N14.

Complicated duet

In fact Millin runs both clubs; 33 Sheringham Avenue is the address of one Henry Millin, while our Mr Millin is called Peter Jack. The letter heading of "The Unique" bears the names of P Millin (Pres) and G Singer (Hon Sec). They are also both jointly described as "principals" of the Champagne Club. G Singer is Mrs Singer, Millin's paid secretary. She is, he explains, "a very junior principal" of the Champagne Club. All rather complex. If, suddenly oppressed by a sense of Cultural/Social Poverty, you have joined the Unique as well as the Champagne Club, you will find that you have paid twice—three guineas and two guineas respectively—to attend the same set of functions. I paid twice, and Millin was most distressed when he discovered this in his files after I had declared myself and interviewed him. "We have decided to extend your membership of the Champagne Club FREE OF FURTHER CHARGE for another three months." He says that when there are enough members to do so there will be separate activities for the two clubs—"but people like a crowd, you know."

There was a crowd at Millin's "Christmas Carnival Party" in the Stewart Room of the Kenilworth Hotel. According to the hotel manager this room accommodates an absolute maximum of 50 people in comfort. There were fully 80 people at the "Carnival" and they were being encouraged to dance. The room costs six guineas for an evening, and the partygoers paid 15s 6d each. I arrived at 9.30 pm thinking I would allow it time to warm up. It was very warm.

There was not actually any

champagne—though I was told that there had been some sherry and white wine. I acquired one and half a glasses of sour Medoc from Millin's younger brother at the "bar" before drink ran out altogether at 10.15 pm. The party had been described in the programme as "The Event of The Year" so people were jolly and dancing gamely. Perhaps there had been a rush on the drink before I got there. Food was represented by a soup plate of pulverised potato crisps, some plain salted biscuits, and a dish of mixed sweets. There had been some crackers and a few of the guests were wearing paper hats. Millin was disc jockey with a selection of ballroom dancing records stowed in a paper carrier bag. I danced first with a man who worked for a car hire firm. He had once emigrated to Australia but felt homesick and returned after a year, by which time his former flat-mates were all either married or dispersed. So now he lived in a bedsitter when he was not travelling round in the course of his work. He had an interesting accent which I thought at first might be Strine. On inquiry he said: "Ah! Well! You see I once worked at the American Air Base at High Wycombe." At this point I was excused by a man who was a Buyer In Rock for British Railways. He was also a travelling man and made regular tours of Britain's quarries looking for the right kinds of stone. First, you dynamite it out of the quarry, then you put it in the Primary Crusher. (Convict stone-breakers are now redundant.) Our performance in a waltz where everyone had to be a "statue" when the music stopped was not good, because of Rock Buyer's animated explanation of the mechanism of a Primary Crusher. So we didn't win the only bottle of champagne at the party.

Flagging during the Hokey-Cokey and Boomps-A-Daisy, when the Gay Gordons began I retreated for an interval in the corridor. Here I was accosted by a man from Trinidad bearing a large camera and flash bulb. Could he take my photograph, please? Then he handed the camera to a bystander and posed with me for the picture. "Please excuse these liberties, Miss," he said as he grasped me round the waist. For the rest of the evening he posed happily with other lady members temporarily unoccupied. I had seen our man from Trinidad before at another meeting of The Champagne Club. This one had also been held at The Cabana and was called "GETTING TO KNOW YOU." Millin called upon the 15 members present to talk for two minutes each about either their job, or an interesting holiday they'd had, or a hobby.

He made it clear that there was to be no funking—everyone had to speak. First, there was a chemist who worked for a detergent company and was quite broken in spirit by the housewife's irrational desire for washday foam. Then there was a lady who had had some trouble last summer in the Greek Islands with a fisherman. Then there was a man who said "I am a student of natural humour" and then gave a short talk on boxing. A girl in a black dress and a badge marked HOSTESS talked about her holidays and said "Florence wasn't very interesting so we went on to Rimini." She wasn't actually a member of the club—"She just happens to be a friend of mine," said Millin. Someone called Robert, wearing a badge marked HOST, told us how he had once been stung on the nose by a mosquito in a railway carriage. Millin suggested that a Jamaican girl who wrote lyrics and short stories in her spare time should show them to Robert. "He is the author of several philosophical works." Robert looked startled. During the coffee-and-cake I talked to a balding hairdresser who made jokes about virility, and to a trainee reporter from *The Times* who had joined the club out of curiosity and was now an older and wiser man.

The club mystique

Millin was altogether the star of the evening. After the break he told the Jamaican girl that he was always glad to welcome people from abroad to the club because "they do so add interest and colour to our meetings." A man who had earlier made an impassioned defence of amateur operatic societies then asked a straight question of Millin: "Do you think people like us—I mean people who join clubs like this—are normal? Or are we the misfits?" Millin raised his lip in a smile and said that normalcy was relative. "But anyone who comes to a club like this and then stands aloof is going against the rules of mental hygiene—if you remain aloof you are on the way to mental illness. In giving we receive—and this is the best form of selfishness. Everyone must give of themselves and become involved." Millin says he is a "psychologist," and he will prove it to you in a six-part course costing twelve guineas. The curriculum goes like this:

1 How To Stop Worrying
2 How To Overcome Shyness and Develop Self-confidence
3 How To Speak in Public
4 How To Be Popular
5 How To Live a Full Life
6 How To Find True Happiness.

These Lessons in Life are given at 74 Amhurst Park, which is not only Millin's home but also the offices for the two clubs, and the

continued on page 30

Above: Johnnie Johnson, founder and President of The Companions, the oldest and largest of the Friendship Clubs in London. Below: Peter Millin, President of The Unique Cultural/Social Club and Principal of The Champagne Club. He began both clubs and describes himself as a "psychologist."

headquarters of his pen-friendship organisation and his marriage bureau. Above the front door is a painted sign—IDEAL HOLIDAYS—but this particular business is in abeyance at the moment.

Millin did not wish his marriage bureau mentioned, saying that he felt its existence might bruise the sensibilities of some members of the Champagne and Unique Clubs. However, his activities as a match-maker seemed to be common knowledge among the members I encountered.

In the front room of the Social Centre offices there is a dazzling three-piece suite glossily upholstered in crimson and gold. I sat on the sofa and tried to imagine that I was there for a lesson on How To Find True Happiness. It was clear that I was not going to find True Popularity since I had come to find out why, and with what justification, Millin styled himself "psychologist." Across the hearth there was a 4ft radiogram. Millin entered, not recognising me at all, although he had talked to me at several club meetings and introduced me to other members. "Aha! You've seen the radiogram! There's no television you'll notice. I've no interest at all in material things, but I love music." He produced a record of the Brandenburg Concerto—"If ever I doubt the existence of God, I play this. More use than any number of sermons." We seemed to have got off on rather an odd foot. He smiled brightly and crossed his legs with a swing. "I'm a psychologist, you know. People are my main interest, and the social clubs are more of a hobby than anything. I used to be a director of the family business, of course, but my heart was never really in it. I was persuaded to join—it's a ladies' clothing manufacturers. I left the business about three and a half years ago I suppose, but I had helped many people unofficially before that."

Neurotics unwelcome

Millin has no academic training as a psychologist. "There are no degrees or courses in dealing with life's problems. What you need is experience, sympathy, and understanding—or empathy as we call it." In the trade. He emphasised that he did not take on people who were neurotic or psychotic. I wondered how he would recognise such disorders if he saw them. "Well—it's a matter of common sense. As it happens I have never had people like that. If I did I would send them to a doctor. The people who come to me are of a high standard of education and intelligence and they recognise that I can help them. It is not dangerous to try to help people find out what is wrong so long as you concentrate on the positive signs. I must not take away their crutches at the very beginning. Most people need *at least* six sessions—by then we are usually just about to get to the root of their difficulties. Take the case of depression, for instance. A normally healthy person will feel deeply dejected for at the most two days if something has gone badly wrong with his life. After that he will become more or less cheerful again—except in the case of bereavement. If he continues to feel dejected, he is deluding himself over the true cause of his depression. My job is to discover this true cause, which he has not admitted to himself." He began to talk about his ability to give people confidence in themselves and I remarked that Dale Carnegie specialised in that kind of thing. "Why do you mention him? His approach is extremely superficial. I hope you are not implying that I am a flashy super-salesman of that sort. My course is designed to help the individual. Made to measure. His books and lectures are very hit-or-miss, and the advice he gives may or may not help the individual. It is absolutely essential to deal with people individually—then there is a *feeling* and a *personality* one can assess."

He began the Unique Social/Cultural Club, which now has nearly 500 members, two and a half years ago. He had the idea for it because he thought that there was a lot of dissatisfaction with existing social clubs. "Here we make a positive offer that people will make friends if they are willing to give friendship. Of course, lonely people very often have what we call a "defence mechanism." If they cannot bring themselves to make the necessary effort, they think of all sorts of reasons for not 'bothering' to make friends. There is a lot of loneliness you know but it is often camouflaged for reasons of pride. Everyone needs to be loved. It just depends how realistic you are about it." He started the Champagne Club because he thought it might attract a particular kind of member, and he put ads in *Private Eye* more or less in a spirit of research. "I am rather puzzled about *Private Eye* from a psychological point of view. I had thought it would produce quite a different sort of applicant, but the *Private Eye* people seem just the same as the others, really."

Millin had by this time recovered the composure he had lost over Dale Carnegie and was chatting away about an amateur dramatics group that he hoped to begin in the clubs. "We have many talented

In colour: Members of the Marylebone-based and newly formed 110 Group at their New Year's "Odd" Party. Everyone was supposed to wear something eccentric.

members, you know. At one of our recent parties a lady who is a professional singer gave us a selection from *Guys and Dolls*. As I left he mentioned a programme he had seen on an unspecified television a few nights previously. It had been about the Nazis. "There you are again you see—it all comes down to psychology. They were mentally ill, you know."

The 110 Group, which has about 80 members, was begun last autumn by Moya Sexton, who otherwise works full-time as organising secretary of the London Branch of the Rotary Society. The motto of the 110 Group is Aristotle's observation that "Man is Other Men," and its object is "to pierce the anonymity of London." The group meets about once a week, either in Miss Sexton's flat or in a large room belonging to the Rotary Club, which has its offices immediately below her premises at 110 Gloucester Place. Sometimes members simply assemble at this address before going off in a body to the theatre or cinema, or to a concert. They also meet for tennis (throughout the winter), squash, ten-pin bowling, and rambling. Miss Sexton is a lively, sociable, and intelligent woman in her thirties who appears to credit everyone she meets with qualities similar to her own. She first thought of beginning such a club about three years ago—"But I was engaged then and therefore too personally involved to find the time. What finally spurred me on was a visit last summer to one of the other 'friendship' clubs that one sees advertised. A girl friend had joined out of curiosity and I went along as a guest. Afterwards she said 'That was pretty ghastly, wasn't it! Surely you could manage something much better?' So I've tried to. I think there is a great difference between organising people in a pleasant group and forming 'clubs' in which you manoeuvre and manipulate people. I seriously think that is amoral. And certainly it shouldn't be done for money. What I charge for membership—two guineas plus one guinea joining fee—doesn't really cover costs at the moment because I like to send out frequent letters to members. It will probably be enough as the club grows—there are initial expenses, of course, like a decent gramophone, some good records, coffee cups, glasses, and that kind of thing."

Miss Sexton intended at first to interview everyone who applied

Left: The only champagne at The Champagne Club's "Event of The Year" at the Kenilworth Hotel was a bottle to be won in the Spot Waltz.

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for membership, but with over 40 answers to the first advertisement this was impracticable.

"The people who don't fit in fall away automatically because they don't enjoy themselves. That doesn't include people who are shy and reticent. I introduce them around and we try to make them feel at home. But I think it's very wrong to force people. You just make them curl up and want to die. Most members are of the 'graduate' type I suppose—I don't mean necessarily that they went to university, but that they are intelligent and have wide interests.

Some of Miss Sexton's own large circle of friends come to the group meetings and help to ease the atmosphere by providing a nucleus of relaxed people who know one another. They don't wear badges marked HOST, but they do mingle and get things going so that there are not solid ranks of total strangers regarding one another warily across the room.

The first meeting of the 110 Group I went to was called a "coffee and record evening." Miss Sexton, who has a dramatic taste in clothes, stood in a welcoming posture at the door of her flat, wearing a dress with a glittering gold brocade bodice. About 40 people were assembled in the main room in eight or nine standing conversational groups. Miss Sexton and various helpers were in the kitchen making coffee in relays. With each new tray of cups, Miss Sexton mixed the groups up a bit so that only those who were determined to be inseparable remained so. Members were of all different shapes, sizes, races and ages. The younger ones were of the healthy, clubbable type to whom the word "group" would obviously appeal. The older ones were less classifiable, but they had a rather tweedy "common room" look about them. I talked for a while to a middle-aged dispensing chemist, who had wanted originally to be a doctor but felt too old to begin studying when his particular war was over.

The ex-Rhodesian

He seemed stoical—being a chemist was all right but you got fed up with women who couldn't make up their minds about which of 50 different lipsticks suited them best. He had emigrated to Rhodesia once. He had been impressed by the standard of living out there, but found it unbearably provincial. "It was just like living in Hull. They're totally unsophisticated." At this point he became very sophisticated and offered me a cigar. Throughout our conversation he stood half behind a curtain. At a suggestion that we should venture further into the middle of the room he disappeared even further from view, crying "No, no, no, certainly not. I am just an observer of human behaviour." Next to us three men—an Indian, a small man with a beard, and a long man with glasses—were discussing the next group debate. "Does this house think that necklines and hemlines should meet?" said the beard. "Ho-ho-ho" said the long man with glasses. "I would stress that members should be informed of the subject of debate some days in advance so that they have adequate time to reflect upon it." Communication between the three of them seemed curiously slight. It was later revealed that the next discussion, not debate, will be about INCEST. "I know that the speaker, Lionel Okun, is doing very exhaustive research into his subject, so I hope he will have a keen and probing audience," said Miss Sexton. "Are you going to Andy's Bazaar?" said the computer programmer on my left. Andy's Bazaar? He lent close to my ear—"HANDEL'S MESSIAH." By eleven o'clock the group had thinned out considerably and a few people were left awkwardly standing by themselves, looking stranded and helpless. "Shall we all move upstairs now to my flat?" said Miss Sexton brightly. And so they did, for a final cup of coffee.

What loneliness means

Miss Sexton is realistic about the reasons why people join her club, and has done a little thinking, without the aid of clichés, about the subject of loneliness. "Often when a man says he is 'lonely' I think that what he really means is that there is no one who really takes a close and continuous interest in his daily life—as his parents did when he was younger. He is not exactly alone or friendless, but there is no one who cares particularly what he does from day to day. But then you can't really expect that in life, can you? Many people join this club because they haven't much else to do.

"People often seem to think they must go out every single night, and preferably have a choice of four or five places to go to. Of course, they may have to live in depressing bedsitters or hostels. I know I'm lucky to have a comfortable flat where I can curl up and relax in the evenings."

She was curled up on her sofa opposite me, startlingly voluptuous in tomato-coloured tights and sweater. The room was filled with thriving greenery—ferns and ivy and even a small but insecure-looking palm tree. Her flat has an overwhelming atmosphere of fertility and plenty. Miss Sexton is the Elsa Maxwell of Marylebone, permanently prepared for an onslaught of guests. On the table in front of us were bowls of nuts, plates of biscuits and several large slabs of chocolate arranged in a fan shape.

The drinks trolley is packed with bottles and glasses. The coffee pot is ready filled, and the cups, saucers and spoons are laid out in waiting on the sideboard. Moya Sexton offered me, in quick succession, a sherry, a meal, biscuits, cake, coffee, wine, whisky, gin, and vodka. She needs a constant supply of recipients for her hospitality—friends or strangers, lonely or gregarious.

Clifford "Johnnie" Johnson came to London from Bombay in 1953. In the next four years he made some friends—but not enough. Sometimes he wished that he could find a group of people some of whom at least would always be free to meet him in the evenings and at weekends. "One day I thought to myself 'This won't do at all.' So I put a small ad in the *Weekly Advertiser* saying that I would like to meet people who were interested in outings and that sort of thing. I got the shock of my life—over 100 replies! It was really brought home to me then that there were many other people like me who felt the need of a 'method' of meeting new friends." It also occurred to him that he had a ready-made club on his hands. At first he tried to organise it in the evenings, but it soon became clear that he would have to devote more time to it if it was to be done properly. So he gave up his job as a typographer and took a half-share of a tiny office at 119 Dryden Chambers in Oxford Street. He believes strongly that it is wrong to make money out of the club—which has 750 members who pay 45s subscription annually. "Some of these clubs have been started principally for profit I know—but I shouldn't think they succeed in making any. I run a business answering service for my bread and butter, but the club is much more than a job to me—it's something very personal. It's a responsibility that makes me stop and think sometimes."

The Companions consist of about 25 different groups in a network all over London. Some of them are just local social groups, others cater for special interests such as opera, ballet, travel, bridge, snooker, theatre, and so on. In each area there are "sponsors" who meet with members every month to devise a programme of events. This is then sent to Johnnie Johnson who collates all the programmes and prints them in a complete bulletin which is sent out monthly to all members. Last December, for instance, this catalogue contained details of 68 meetings in all parts of London.

There is a special "Younger Set" bulletin of events each month for members under 30. "This came into existence because it became apparent that in certain social activities both younger and older members (some of whom are over 50) felt the necessity of having separate programmes." I went to the monthly organisational meeting of the Younger Set at a member's flat in Clapham. Sitting on the floor on cushions the 17 boys and girls present spent a great deal of the time playfully pinching and punching one another. Cries of "Oooo! You BEAST!" rang out at regular intervals drowning constructive suggestions about visits to the British Museum, games of golf to be played on Wimbledon Common, and group outings to dance at the Rhinegold Club in the West End. On these latter occasions members of the Younger Set display some solidarity and do not, as a rule, mix with the au pair girls and foreign students. West End clubs seemed to be regarded as daring and/or degenerate by the majority, and are therefore visited only occasionally by the more adventurous members

Warren Street nights

The Companions have Central London meetings every Thursday and Saturday in a room above The Roebuck—a pub in the strange, dead environs of Warren Street station. Johnnie Johnson always goes to these meetings and hovers in the background officiating in a diffident almost apologetic manner. He is still a shy, unconfident man, despite the club, and refuses entirely to talk about himself. I paid my 1s 6d at the door and was led across the room to meet Mr Johnson, my progress watched rather beadily by half a dozen middle-aged women in hats who were playing cards. I was introduced, Christian names only, seated, and dealt into the game. The ladies were mostly unmarried and gossiped among themselves about the weather, knitting patterns, and the fact that there weren't very many of them that evening. "You never can tell how it's going to be, can you? Some nights there's quite a crowd, and other nights you might as well stay at home really." One or two clerkish-looking men began to drift up from the pub below bearing pints of beer. They played darts or just stood around. We women moved on to bingo and a youngish boy called the numbers, standing at the far end of the room and using, for some reason, a microphone. The numbers droned on and no one spoke at all between rounds. It was as though we were playing to distract ourselves from thinking about a terrible disaster that had just occurred in the outside world. Then I played a game called Carrom. My partner was a man who worked in the wages department of the Greater London Council. The job was a bit dull

but, no, he had never thought of leaving. Our opponents were a tall, thin woman and a little crinkly man. Again no one spoke, but someone kept on playing Elvis Presley's *Are You Lonesome Tonight?* on the gramophone. At nine o'clock it was time for the dancing that usually takes place at The Roebuck. But the numbers were hopelessly uneven, and what men there were had begun to look very embarrassed and apprehensive. I suddenly had to go home. This was not a typical evening. Johnnie Johnson afterwards spoke with emotion about the older unmarried women in the club. "Many of them have spent the best years of their lives looking after elderly relatives. When these die they are often left quite alone. I hope the club gives some companionship to them in particular."

Christmas breakthrough

The Christmas dance was a livelier affair. About 90 people thronged the room, dressed to kill in paper hats, best suits, dresses gleaming with lurex, satin pumps, and chiffon stoles. Fortified with festive spirits they whizzed round the floor in complicated quicksteps and foxtrots. There were more men than women this time, and they crowded together near the bar—jolly and red-faced, popping balloons and eating nuts. Johnnie Johnson stood among his companions, laughing and unusually animated. Everyone knew him.

Paper-hatted strict tempo at The Companions Annual Christmas Party, in a room above The Roebuck in Tottenham Court Road.

"Robert," a host at The Champagne Club, talks to his partner at a Christmas Carnival Dance.

Conversational foxtrotters at a social evening given by The Companions.

Los Angeles Times

Photographs by John Goldblatt

THE CLOTH FAMILY BLAKE

Jann Haworth, wife of top pop artist Peter Blake, has her first one-man show at the Robert Fraser Gallery on 21 February. Her work—huge figures and larger-than-life objects created from cloth—has only been seen occasionally in mixed shows. Robert Fraser is convinced the coming show will set her high in the ranks of modern artists.

She calls her creations *dolls*: "I haven't elevated it into sculpture, that's too precious. The first thing I made was a bouquet of flowers. I tried wood, but that was too rigid for the softness of flowers, cloth came by a process of elimination. It is a natural media for me, I know about dressmaking, tucks and things which a man wouldn't."

Mr and Mrs Blake deny mutual influence. "We really met because Jann was already doing this," says Peter. "If anything, I have taken ideas from her." Jann traces her preoccupation with large objects back to her childhood in Hollywood when her film art director father brought her vast pencils and large but light Tarzan rocks to play with.

The grandfather figure (left) was her first big creation. On his knee is a page of the *Los Angeles Times* open at the funnies—in a way, a revamp of the Victorian sampler. All Jann Haworth's work is immaculately finished. Says Robert Fraser: "She is characteristic of people brought up in Los Angeles. She's all sweet and girlish, then comes up with these macabre images, often unnerving for European eyes." He plans to price her dolls round the £200 mark—certainly not more than £500.

J ROGER BAKER

Jann Haworth, her husband Peter Blake and her family group. This started as just the old man. "I felt I wanted to add to it, and created the old woman as well," she says. Whether Jann puts her figures in a setting depends on her feelings about the subject, most of her work consists of free-standing figures. Behind are the bronco-buster and a surf-rider.

The bronco-buster is a ghostly figure, all white. First, Jann makes an armature in wood, then pads the limbs with calico, finishing with stockinet which is then tinted or clothed according to the subject.

Also in the window—the Californian surf-rider. "It's the only doll I really don't want to sell," says Jann. Her other work includes huge doughnuts, a vast charm bracelet and an outsize cup of coffee.

PUBS THAT ENTERTAIN

Live music—in fact, any form of entertainment—is rare in pubs. Most publicans have a hard time enough just catering for the ceaseless demands for liquor without trying to entertain their customers as well. And, in any case, most pubs and publicans are hardly equipped to compete with a high-powered entertainment industry. But things are changing—there are pubs in London that are different. And some of them really jump.

Take, for instance, the Windsor Castle in the Harrow Road. Barely had the dust of demolition settled over the site of the Metropolitan Music Hall off nearby Edgware Road when Bruce (*right*) and Barbara Calderbank decided to turn the untenanted Windsor Castle into a music hall. Now, 18 months later, the saloon bar-cum-auditorium is packed night after night and every Sunday lunchtime to watch acts such as "Golden Boy" Jeff Woods and Terry Bartlett.

Supervising and accompanying artists on the piano is Bruce himself. An ex-music hall artist—he has accompanied such present-day big names as Harry Secombe and Arthur Haynes—Bruce takes pride in the success of his own music hall. "Some people scoffed when I put forward the idea," he says. "But now I'm never short of good acts and I'm never short of customers." Beaming from sideburn to sideburn under his curly brimmed bowler he says: "There are plenty of places in the East End where you can go for a sing-song but here we can offer true music hall in a pub with all the trappings and trimmings."

Barmen and artists wear period costumes. The stage, set back from the main saloon bar, is draped with deep velvet curtains. White and gold violas, comedy-tragedy masks, iron-framed tables, a potted palm, oil-lamp chandeliers and the original gas-lamp standard from outside the Met all help to create the atmosphere. And around the walls keeping an eye on things are murals of the old-time greats.

Surrounded by a museum of Victoriana, like a street nameplate —White Lion Passage salvaged from the Met—customers from all over London watch acts first performed a century ago. And all for the price of a pint of beer!

Hearty good wishes

Black and white Wedgwood box, £1 13s 6d, and black basalt Wedgwood ash-tray, 14s 9d, both from Selfridges. Blue enamelled powder compact, £2 5s 2d, and red leather box, stamped with a fleur de lis, *£1 1s 2d, both from Liberty. "My Love" Elizabeth Arden soap, 6s 6d from Debenham & Freebody. Green-stoned brooch, £4 19s 6d, and heart in hand pins, £2 12s 6d each, from a selection at Harrods; Heart-shaped watch on a key-ring, £6 6s, from Halcyon Days, 14 Brook Street, W1. Pillbox with a pink stone, 14s 6d, and small heart-shaped ring, 10s 6d, both from Presents of Sloane Street. Brocade ring-box, 4s 6d, Selfridges.*

Nineteen heart-shaped presents for St. Valentine's day, with a message that goes I Love You, and I'm prepared to Spend Good Money to Prove It

Heart-shaped cushion with a face on it, 37s 6d, from the Chanelle Gift Shop, 33 Brompton Road. Red plush box filled with chocolates, £4 4s, from Fortnum & Mason. Pearl-framed photograph frame, £7 7s, from Presents of Sloane Street. Black leather ring-tray lined in red, £2 12s 6d, from Dickins & Jones. On it, upside-down heart-shaped pendant in white and blue stones, £21, Selfridges. Victorian pin-cushion £5 from The Yellow Room, 42 Elizabeth Street. Lace scent-sachet, £1 9s 6d, from Debenham & Freebody. Cellophane box of chocolates, £1 8s 9d, from Harrods.

ANGELA INCE

Be a Collector

You don't have to be like Terence Stamp and lock Samantha Eggar in a cellar to rate yourself as a collector. There are, indeed, healthier ways of satisfying your hoarding instincts. Collecting anything, from cigarette cards to fans used by famous fan-dancers, is big business these days . . . and though most subjects have already been thought of, it can still be worth your while both for interest and as an investment to start building up a collection of something or other. Here is a list of specialist firms collectors and potential addicts might like to make their regular haunts:

Rare old gramophone records can be picked up at junk shops and charity bazaars if you are lucky, but there are one or two shops in London who specialise exclusively in collecting earliest recordings made on 78 discs. Rust's Rare Records, 38 Grimsdyke Road. Hatch End, Middlesex (Hatch End 4452), is owned by Mr. Brian Rust, who has been in this business for over 30 years and has built up a collection of tens of thousands. His really valuable rarities are not for sale—but he can re-record anything over 50 years old when the copyright has run out. He has had for sale such collector's items as original recordings made by Ellen Terry, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, first Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire recordings, Jessie Matthews as a teenager (first Crosby records sell for around £5). Earliest record he has was cut in 1895—the laughing song sung by Negro comedian George W Johnson. You can call to see him to discuss records you would like, but prefers it if you contact him by letter or telephone.

Collectors' Corner, 63 Monmouth Street, WC2 (LAN 6155), is another haunt for rare record collectors. Specialise in very early operatic recordings and vocals—have for sale such treasures as first record made by Frances Saville—the American-born pupil of the famous Marchesi (who taught such singers as Melba). Have records dating back to 1895—some of the items they sell are expensive and you might have to pay up to £350 for something that is really a collectors' item. (9-6 Mon-Sat, closed Thur at 1 pm.)

For collectors who like up-to-date way-out records, best to go to Discurio, 9 Shepherd Street, Shepherd Market, W1 (HYD 6939), who try to have on sale every record that other record shops don't think of stocking. They collect records from all over the world and what they haven't got in stock, they will do their utmost to get for you. Open from 9.30-8, Sats from 9.30-1.

Still on the subject of music, people with a penchant for collecting rare, historical and off-beat musical instruments should go to Musical Rara, 2 Great Marlborough Street, W1 (GER 1576), who sell musical oddities from China, Japan, India and other exotic lands dating back over 300 years. You can pick up an early Japanese moon guitar, a banduva—a Ukrainian instrument—English viols, African xylophones, French knee organs of 1850, a bombard or a shawm. Not a hobby for the impoverished.

Cartophilist experts are Colonel Charles Lane Bagnall and his daughter Dorothy Bagnall—and for the uninitiated a cartophilist is someone who collects cigarette cards. They have a company called the London Cigarette Card Co., at 30 Wellesley Road, W4 (CHI 2346), where they stock over 50 million cards. Colonel Bagnall himself is one of those people who must collect something, and turned to cigarette cards after he had to sell his extensive stamp collection to get some money in the twenties' slump.

Most popular cigarette cards with the 10,000 regular collectors they have on their books are those concerning military matters, transport and early musical hall artists . . . but there are also cards that play music, cards printed on leather, on silk and metal, cut-out cards, embroidered cards . . . ones that date back to the earliest ever made in 1879. And they cost from a miserly 1s a set to £20 or more per card. Would-be cartophilists can call at the showroom in Wellesley Road—or send for a catalogue to whet their collectors' appetites.

Philatelists are on the increase too—especially since philately has become such big business. Of course, Stanley Gibbons, 391 Strand, WC2 (TEM 9707), is *the* haunt for small and big-time collectors. Their catalogue is likely to influence anyone who starts to delve into it—it is over 2,500 pages long—with three columns per page. They also deal in postmarks, stamps on cover and any form of postal history of interest to the specialist. Open from 9-5.30 weekdays, 9.30-12.30 Sats.

London Stamp Exchange, 5 Buckingham Street, SW1 (WHI 1413), specialise in postmarks as well as stamps. Or if you want to wonder at the fantastic prices fetched for stamps and do some bidding yourself, it's worth a visit to one of the fortnightly auctions held by H R Harmer, 41 New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 0218).

Numismatists should go to B A Seaby, 65 Great Portland Street W1 (LAN 3677)—one of the largest firms in the world who specialise in ancient, modern, foreign and British coins. This, too, is big business nowadays. The firm, which was founded in 1926, now employs a staff of 40 and has many departments specialising in different periods and origins of coins. They have several hundred thousand specimens in stock, some dating back as early as the 6th century B.C. Most valuable coin they have at the moment is worth £1,000—a Greek dekadrachm of Syracuse, dated 404 B.C. But you can start your collection with coins that cost 3d. Showroom is open to public and hours are 9-5. Closed on Saturdays.

Growing numbers of collectors are becoming fascinated by letters written by famous people—and place to go for these is Winifred A Myers (Autographs) Ltd. Miss Myers became interested in famous letters and autographs when working for her father, who was an antiquarian bookseller, and in the last eight years has built up a collection of autographed materials which include such names as Napoleon, Dickens, Wordsworth, Caruso and Darwin. Earliest signatures she has are on deeds dating back to 1100. Showroom, which is set out like a miniature museum, is open to public from 10-5 weekdays and occasionally on Saturdays.

Miniature Bonsai trees are something the indoor gardener might like to collect and expert cultivator of these is a Japanese called Seyemon Kusumoto, 35 Camrose Avenue, Edgware, Middlesex (EDG 5969). He grows most of his trees from seeds, and has ordinary British varieties like miniature pines and maples plus Japanese species like the Chobohiba tree, Sonare tree and Shanpaku tree. Cost from 2 guineas upwards (to about £25) depending on size and age.

Fossils—some are so decorative that it's worth while getting a few as ornaments for the house. Place to go for them is Gregory, Bottley, of 30 Old Church Street, SW3 (FLA 5841), who have an extensive stock of minerals, rocks, fossils and meteorites—also all geologists' equipment. They sell to schools and colleges as well as to general public and their showroom has been described as "an Aladdin's cave." Fossils can cost from 15s to £300.

Amber enthusiasts should visit Sac Freres, 45 Old Bond Street, W1 (HYD 2333). Shop was established 60 years ago and is owned by Mr Arthur Charaton. He has on sale all sorts of antique amber necklaces, rings, earrings, pendants, cigarette holders. Strangest request he ever had was for a necklace with each bead containing an insect—worked out at a pricey £300. Collecting amber without insect inserts is less costly.

Model soldiers—each of them a perfect replica of the authentic period—are sold by Norman Newton (Military Antiques) of 49 Hertford Street, W1. They also sell all things pertaining to militia—pistols, muskets, helmets, swords, uniforms, etc. The little lead soldiers sell for about 3 guineas each. You have to pay at least £50 for a decent pistol these days. Shop is open from 9.30-6, Sats from 9.30-1.

Brass rubbings is a hobby that has been pretty well exploited—but there are a growing number of people becoming interested in the hobby and building up a decorative collection. They can get all the basic materials they need from Phillips and Page, 50 Kensington Church Street, W8 (WES 5839), such as heelball, sticky tape and special rolls of paper—also sell all materials for that other popular hobby—coal-hole rubbing. Mr John Page-Phillips, the owner, is happy to advise any would-be enthusiasts. He also specialises in collecting Ethiopian antiques and old pictures made out of unusual materials—like pictures in cork, sand, shells, glass, feathers, seaweed, rolled paper and early examples of two-way and three-way pictures (where you can see one thing from one angle, and something quite different from another angle).

Playbills dating back to the 1780s can be found at the shop of John Hall, 17 Harrington Road, SW7 (KNI 1307), who has a vast collection and sells them from about 10s to £3 each. He also sells earliest theatre programmes (dating back to 1870). Has a stock of over 50,000 lithographed music covers and over 200,000 Edwardian postcards (these cost from about 1s each). Started his collection before other people jumped on to this band-wagon—and it was the only thing he could afford to collect—now does much of his buying at Sothebys and Christies. Playbills showing the old greats—like David Garrick and Mrs Siddons—fetch about £10 if they are in good condition. Shop is open from 10-7. Sats from 10-4.

Antique musical boxes—and for musical dolls, musical clocks, singing birds, busts of composers that play music and all types of curious objects that play a tune—place to go is Mr S F Sunley, 81 George Street, W1 (WEL 4700)—who is, of course, a Swiss—and his father and his father before him have all been dealing in musical automata.

Model railways—Beatties, of 112 High Holborn, WC1, sell every type of construction kit to make up the tracks, engines, coaches, etc. Also sell whole range of kit for electric slot-car racing (and, of course, the complete models) and boats and yachts. Open from 9-5.30. Sat 9-1 pm. Their shop at 3 Dennis Parade, Southgate (PAL 4258), sells second-hand model railways and kits and does part exchange. Model aircraft collectors should go to J Nicholls and Son, 308 Holloway Road, N7 (NOR 4272), who sell completed models and kits for people to build themselves—specialise in radio-controlled models. It's a father and son business and they are happy to advise anyone.

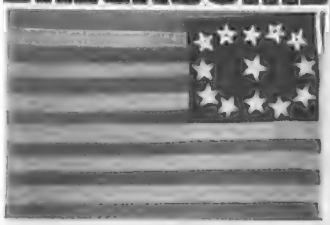
Plangonologists (doll collectors) will find the little shop belonging to Miss Irene Blair-Hickman quite fascinating. Miss Hickman turned to doll collecting when she retired from her real profession as a physiotherapist, and when she found her collection too much, she decided to set up a little shop and sell dolls. Says that most of the collectors are adults—even men—and hardly a child has passed through the doors of her doll emporium. Address is 15 Moscow Road, Queensway, W2 (PAR 7880).

THE WEEK AHEAD

BOOKS

The only embellishment possible to the works of Lewis Carroll are the original Tenniel drawings for the Alice stories (*above*). They're in a new 1,130-page volume of *The Works of Lewis Carroll*, published on 14 Feb at only 12s 6d. Samuel Beckett's long-awaited *Imagination Dead Imagine* comes out this week. He himself cut thousands of words to a few pages. There's a new novel by Elizabeth Spencer, too. Called *Knights and Dragons* it's about an American woman in Italy who is separated from her philosopher-husband. For news of other new books see page 56

SALEROOMS



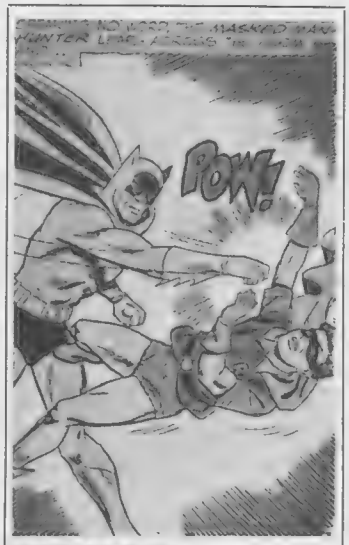
The Sotheby sale on 18 Feb features three historical American flags, including that of the Third Maryland Regiment (*above*) which dates back to 1777. Sotheby's have successfully sold the "Stars and Stripes" before. Last year they fetched £5,400. Friday's sale also includes English and continental furniture, rugs, carpets and works of art. Penny Haworth's guide to the London salerooms appears on page 51

DISCS

Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (*right*). Their taste in extremist fashions matches their sense of humour. They lay claim to a travelling ghost, Cyril, and climax their stage act by throwing one another around bodily. Their new Philips single *Hold Tight* is out on 11 Feb. Leonard Levesley writes about stagecraft in the pop world on page 57

The Tony Jackson Group's *You're My Number One*, is released on 18 Feb . . . and Cheryl St Clair makes her debut with *My Heart's Not In It*, both on CBS

What singers does a singer like to listen to when he's not singing? Chris Farlowe chooses his favourite LP's on page 57



FILMS

René Clément's hysterical thriller *The Love Cage* has its delayed British première at the Empire, Leicester Square today (Thurs 10 Feb). With the same star (Alain Delon) and photographer (Henri Decae) he used on *Plein Soleil*, his last international film, Clément unfolds the macabre tale of a French playboy ruthlessly hunted by gunmen after his adulterous affair with The Big Man's wife

"As an example of an old film, it rates pretty high. As an example of a bad film, it rates even higher." Thus Dave Lee on Rediffusion's *Late Show London* discussing the extraordinary vogue of the *Batman* serial, which followed the comic book adventures (*above*). More about *Batman* on page 46; guide to the West End films on page 47

GALLERIES

"Through a glass darkly." How do you retain the textural quality of a painting while giving it the necessary protection against dirt in the atmosphere? Keith Sutton considers the question of reflections in the galleries – the pros, the contras, the criticisms, the solutions . . . and the comprehensive exhibition diary—New York artists with "op" view at the ICA, Los Angeles artists with "pop" view at the Robert Fraser and a few doors away a bright, light and new gallery called Axiom with a cool British view of contemporary art – all on page 50

MUSIC

Danny Kaye conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Albert Hall on Tues 15 Feb (see page 12) . . . Ella Fitzgerald sings, accompanied by Duke Ellington and his Orchestra, at the Royal Festival Hall on Sat 12 Feb (see page 14). Music diary on page 49

THEATRE

It's a quiet week in the theatre – only one opening night (that's *A Smashing Day* at the New Arts) – so there's time to pause and survey the scene. What, in fact, is really worth seeing in the West End just now? There's a Shaw revival under way, a new Arthur Miller play, the English provinces have made a great comeback. For assessments see J Roger Baker's column on page 44

SPORT

Chelsea for the Cup? A 19-year-old centre forward makes it a strong possibility. Michael Wale tells why on page 59. Also the London sports diary – motor sport in Kent, judo in south-east London, and all the major Association Football fixtures

NIGHT OUT

London Life's suggestion for an evening on the town

6.30 pm Meet for drinks at The Round House, Covent Garden. Pleasant pub atmosphere

7.45 pm Theatre: *Man & Superman*, Vaudeville in the Strand

10.45 pm Supper at The Garden, Henrietta St (essential to book)

12.30 am Dance a little at The Blue Angel

3 am Over coffee and brandy back home: Astrud Gilberto's LP **The Shadow of your Smile**

4 am A book in bed: a touch of the macabre, *Come Back Doctor Caligari*, a collection of short stories by Donald Barthelme (published 17 Feb)

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THEATRE

Frequently I am asked to recommend a good evening in the theatre: during the last few days requests have come in on behalf of an intellectual American, a precocious eight-year-old, a young couple on honeymoon and someone's mother from Norwich. Making such recommendations is almost impossible if not impertinent. But here, in no particular order are current shows which offer the best value.

Incident at Vichy. Arthur Miller's attempt to distil the Nazi persecution of the Jews into individual terms. A must for those who admire excellent acting, direction and design: but harrowing perhaps and frequently didactic.

Hello Dolly! Opinions are sharply divided. Anyone upstage about musicals should keep away; those who respond to the Broadway myth and admire fast, impeccable direction should flock . . . as in fact they are doing.

An Ideal Husband. Good solid, middle-class, middle-age stuff this. Theatre buffs should not despise the rather pop cast; it is well performed and any opportunity to see a rare Wilde should be taken.

The Killing of Sister George. The Lesbian background makes this a touch baffling for well-protected mothers, but the very human comedy and pathos and unmistakable. A cosy three-acter with a kick.

A Lily in Little India. Not everyone's idea of A Good Evening Out, but a tender little play, brilliantly acted and another milestone of Ian McKellan's road to inavoidable stardom.

Man & Superman. This should appeal to everyone. Beautiful English is beautifully spoken; a sharp play is stylishly acted. The wit and the bite strike home.

A Month in the Country. Ingrid Bergman has her own built-in audience. of course. Everyone should see this magic (she ties with Garbo in the Beautiful Throat stakes). The play is undemanding and blandly presented.

You Never Can Tell. More Shaw, this time with Sir Ralph Richardson giving a collector's performance. The support isn't up to much (though it ought to be), but still worthwhile.

Present Laughter. A decisive allergy to Noel Coward is the only possible reason for missing this. Polished and sophisticated playing.

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning. Dramatisation of Alan Sillitoe's celebrated novel. More of an explosion than a play: fast, noisy, bawdy and not for the squeamish; but there's a deal of truth in it, much tenderness and plenty of unbuttoned comedy.

j roger baker

TOP FIVE

1 Man and Superman (Vaudeville). 2 The Government Inspector (Aldwych). 3 Hello Dolly! (Drury Lane. 4 Incident at Vichy (Phoenix. 5 A Lily in Little India (St. Martins).

WEST END

openings

W 16 Feb: **A Smashing Day,** New Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Author: Alan Plater. Dir: John Fernald. Cast: Jenny Laird, Hywell Bennett, Basil Dignam, Michael Blackham, Barbara Barnett, Christine Hargreaves, Ben Kingsley, Robert Powell. First night: 7.30

current

Ad-Lib, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Revue. Dirs: George Mully, Leon Gluckman. Cast: Larry Adler, Libby Morris. 8.0 (ends 10.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.0), 9.0 (ends 11.0). Opened 2 Feb 1966

Alibi for a Judge, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felecity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruickshank, Colin Gordon, Amanda Grinling. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 5 Aug 1965

At the Drop of Another Hat, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Authors, directors and stars: Michael Flanders, Donald Swann. The gasman cometh . . . and all those other songs. 8.0 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.0). Opened 29 Sep 1965. Ends 19 Feb

Babes in the Wood, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 73 73). Music and lyrics: The Shadows. Dir: Albert J. Knight. Cast: Frank Ifield, Sid James, Roy Kinnear, Kenneth Connor, Arthur Askey. Ifield makes a yodelling Robin Hood in spectacular Sherwood. 2.45 (ends 5.45), 7.30 (ends 10.30). Opened 21 Dec 1965. Ends 30 Apr

Barefoot in the Park, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Daniel Massey, Marlo Thomas, Mildred Natwick, Kurt Kasznav. Young-married troubles Broadway style comedy. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 24 Nov 1965

Beyond the Fringe, 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathon Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Barry Stanton, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

Black and White Minstrel Show, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arroll, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances only cease for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20), 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 25 May 1962

Boeing-Boeing, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minster. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick, Pippa Rowe, Joanna Henderson, Anna Gilcrist. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10). Th, Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.15). Opened 20 Feb 1962

Charlie Girl, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0), 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

Chase Me Comrade, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Author: Ray Cooney. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Stars: Brian Rix, Basil Lord, Leo Franklyn. Russian ballet dancer and diplomatic service involved in a speedy farce. 7.30 (ends 9.45). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.30), 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 15 July 1964

Give a Dog a Bone, Westminster, Palace Street, SW1 (VIC 0283). Author: Peter Howard. Dirs: Henry Cass and Bridget Espinosa. Cast: Colin Farrell, Valerie Hermanni, Richard Warner, Bryan Coleman, Christopher Sandford, Len Malley, Rita McKerow. T-Sat: 7.30 (ends 9.45). W, Th, Sat: 2.45 (ends 5.0). Opened 9 Dec 1965. Ends 12 Feb

Hello Dolly, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play The Matchmaker. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and Choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion with Mary Martin as chief spellbinder but nevertheless the most efficient musical seen in a dozen years. Cast: Mary Martin, Loring Smith, Marilynn Lovell, Garrett Lewis. 7.30 (ends 9.55). W 9.55). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 4.55)

How's the World . . . Treating You? Wyndhams Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Author: Roger Milner. Dir: Philip Grout. Cast: Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss, Michael Graham Cox, Thelma Whiteley, Bryan Stanyon, Anna Cropper. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 Jan 1966

An Ideal Husband, Strand, Aldwych, WC 2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Dennison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Neilson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30), 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

Incident at Vichy, Phoenix, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Author: Arthur Miller. Dir: Peter Wood. Cast: Alec Guinness, Anthony Quayle. 8.15 (ends 9.50). W: 3.0 (ends 4.35). Sat: 5.15 (ends 6.50). Opened 26 Jan 1966

The Killing of Sister George, Duke of York's, St. Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover; another kinky comedy. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55), 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

Little Malcolm and His Struggle Against the Eunuchs, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: David Halliwell. Dir: Patrick Dromgoole. Cast: John Hurt, Rodney Bewes, Tim Preece, Kenneth Colley, Susan Ashworth. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th and Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45) Opened 3 Feb 1966

A Lily in Little India, St. Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Donald Howarth. Dir: Donald Howarth. Cast: Jill Bennett, Jessie Evans, Ian McKellen, Ken Jones, Leslie Handford. 8.0 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.30), 8.30 (ends 10.30). W: 3.0 (ends 5.0). Opened 20 Jan 1966

Man and Superman, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, Zena Walker, John Robinson, Marie Lohr, Patrick McAlinney, Martin Jarvis, Marda Vanne, Edward Bishop, Judy Wilson, Clive Swift. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965. Ends 19 Feb

A Month in the Country, Cambridge, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: Turgenev. Dir: Michael Redgrave. Cast: Ingrid Bergman, Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams, Fay Compton. Selfish passions in a Russian summer. 8.0 (ends 10.40). Th and Sat: 2.45 (ends 5.25). Opened 22 Sep 1965. Ends 5 Mar

The Mousetrap, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall, Charles Hill, Timothy Parkes, Clive Scott, Mysie Monte, Kate Matheson, David Raven. A further cast-change sees it into its 14th year. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30), 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

Oliver, New Theatre, St. Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart from Dickens. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T and Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

On the Wagon, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Bernard Miles. Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: Bernard Miles. T, Th and Sat: 8.40 (ends 10.40). Opened 6 Jan 1966

The Philanderer, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Don Taylor. Cast: Derek Godfrey, Jane Arden, Wensley Pithey. M, W and F: 8.40 (ends 10.53). W, Th and F: 6.0 (ends 8.13). Sat: 2.30 (ends 4.43), 5.30 (ends 7.43). Opened 27 Jan 1966. Ends 26 Feb

Present Laughter, Queens Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noel Coward. Dir: Nigel Patrick. Cast: Nigel Patrick, Phyllis Calvert, Maxine Audley, Robert Desmond, Avice Landon. The Master's a classic now, dear boy. 8.0 (ends 10.45). Th: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0), 8.30 (ends 11.15). Opened 21 Apr 1965. Ends 5 Mar

Robert and Elizabeth, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: John Clements, June Bronhill, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the song and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

Peter Bayliss in "How's the World . . . Treating You?"

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Author: Alan Sillitoe. Dir: Frank Dunlop. Cast: Tom Bell, Joan Heal, June Ritchie. 8.0. W and Sat: 6.15, 8.15. Opened 1 Feb 1966

Say Who You Are, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Two men, two girls, two telephones, a pub, a lift, and a staircase add up to sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.35). F and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.20), 8.45 (ends 11.5). Opened 14 Oct 1965

A Severed Head, Criterion, Piccadilly, Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Authors: Iris Murdoch and J B Priestley. Dir: Val May. Stars: Bernard Horsfall, Vivienne Drummond. Sex rears its pretty head among the well-heeled set. 8.15 (ends 10.25). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.10). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10), 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 26 June 1963

Son of Oblomov, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: Goncharov (ad. Riccardo Aragno). Dir: Frank Dunlop. Stars: Spike Milligan, Bill Kerr, Valentine Dyall. Much ado about Milligan—and there's a play buried somewhere too. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Oct 1964

The Sound of Music, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

Spring and Port Wine, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning, John Alderton, Jan Carey, Gretchen Franklin, Melvyn Hayes. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15), 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

You Never Can Tell, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter, Moray Watson, Cyril Luckham. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45), 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

REPERTORY

English Stage Company, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Th 10 Feb: SAVED by Edward Bond (Members only). Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Tony Selby, John Castle, Dennis Waterman, Ronald Pickup, John Shepherd, William Stewart, Richard Butler, Barbara Ferris, Gwen Nelson, Lucy Fleming. 7.30 (ends 10.5)

F 11 Feb and Sat 12 Feb: SERJEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE by John Arden. Dir: Jane Howell. Cast: Iain Cutherbertson, Frances Cuka, Sebastian Shaw, Ronald Pickup, John Castle, Victor Henry, Richard Butler, Roger Booth, Joe Greig. 7.30 (ends 10.45). Sat only: 3.0 (ends 6.15)
T 15 Feb and W 16 Feb: THE KNACK by Ann Jellicoe (Members only). Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Timothy Carlton, John Castle, Barabara Ferris, Victor Henry. 7.30

National Theatre Company, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 10 Feb, Sat 12 Feb and T 15 Feb: A FLEA IN HER EAR by Georges Feydeau. Dir: Jacques Charon. Cast: Michael Turner, Albert Finney, Anne Godley, Edward Hardwicke, Robert Lang, Geraldine McEwan, John Stride, Ken Mackintosh, Frank Wylie. 7.30. Th and Sat only: 2.15

F 11 Feb: OTHELLO by Shakespeare. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Joyce Redman, Sheila Reid, Maggie Smith, John Stride. 7.30 (ends 10.40)
W 16 Feb: ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOODNIGHT by John Arden. Dirs: John Dexter and William Gaskill. Cast: Chloe Ashcroft, Paul Curran, Albert Finney, Neil Fitzpatrick, Kay Gallie, Caroline John, Geraldine McEwan, Robert Stephens, Frank Wylie. 7.30 (ends 10.30)

Royal Shakespeare Company, Aldwych Theatre (TEM 6404). Th 10 Feb, Sat 12 Feb and M 14 Feb: HAMLET by Shakespeare. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: David Warner, Elizabeth Spriggs, Brewster Mason, Janet Suzman, Tony Church, Charles Thomas, Donald Burton, John Bell, James Laurenson, Paul Hardwick, Michael Pennington. 7.30 (ends 11.15). Sat only: 2.0 (ends 5.45)

F 11 Feb: THE HOMECOMING by Harold Pinter. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: Paul Rogers, Ian Holm, John Normington, Terence Rigby, Vivien Merchant, Michael Bryant. 7.30 (ends 9.35)

T 15 Feb and W 16 Feb: THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR by Gogol. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: Paul Scofield, Eric Porter, Paul Rogers, Brewster Mason, Paul Hardwick, David Waller, David Warner, Tim Wylton, Charles Kay, Patience Collier, Patsy Byrne. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W only: 2.30 (ends 5.0)

CLUBS

Hampstead Theatre Club, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). THE PASTIME OF MONSIEUR ROBERT. Th 10 Feb and F 11 Feb: 8.0. Sat 12 Feb: 5.0, 8.15. M 14 Feb-W 16 Feb: 8.0

Lamda Theatre Club, Logan Place, Earls Court Road, W8 (FRE 7017). THE ANT. Sun 13 Feb: 5.0, 8.0

Little Angel, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). NOAH. Sat 12 Feb: 3.0 (ends 4.0), 5.0 (ends 6.0). Sun 13 Feb: 3.0 (ends 4.0). Matinee for very young children Sat 12 Feb: 11.0 (ends 12.0 pm). Adults 5s 6d. Children 4s

Little Theatre Club, Garrick Yard, St. Martin's Lane, WC2 (COV 0660). ALL EXCEPT THEIR SUN. Th 10 Feb-Sat 12 Feb: 8.0. Sun 13 Feb: 7.30. HELLO OUT THERE. T 15 Feb, W 16 Feb: 8.0

Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8 (MOU 5885). GOODNIGHT MRS. PUFFIN. M 14 Feb-W 16 Feb: 7.45

Players Theatre, Villiers Street, Strand, WC2 (TRA 1134). LATE JOYS. Th 10 Feb-Sat 12 Feb: 9.0 (ends 11.0). M 14 Feb, T 15 Feb: 8.0 (ends 10.0). W 16 Feb: 9.0 (ends 11.0)

Unity, 1 Goldrington Street, N1 (EUS 5391). DEATH OF A SALESMAN. F 11 Feb, Sat 12 Feb, Sun 13 Feb: 7.45

Vanbrugh Theatre Club, Malet Street, WC1 (LAN 7982). THE HOUSE OF BERNADA ALBA. F 11 Feb: 7.30. Sat 12 Feb, M 14 Feb: 2.30, 7.30. Sun 13 Feb: 5.0, 8.15

PERIMETER

Ashcroft Theatre, Fairfield Hall, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, with Susan Hampshire. Th 10 Feb, F 11 Feb, M 14 Feb, T 15 Feb, W 16 Feb: 7.45. Sat 12 Feb: 5.0, 8.0

Golders Green Hippodrome, NW11 (SPE 0022). CINDERELLA, with Dickie Henderson and Danny La Rue. Th 10 Feb-Sat 12 Feb: 7.0 (ends 10.0). Th 10 Feb and Sat 12 Feb: 2.30 (ends 5.30). PETER PAN, with Sylvia Sims, Ronald Lewis and Vanessa Lee. M 14 Feb-W 16 Feb: 6.30

New Theatre, High Street, Bromley (RAV 6677) HOSTILE WITNESS. Th 10 Feb-W 16 Feb: 7.45. Sat 12 Feb: 5.15, 8.0. Th 10 Feb: 2.30

Palace Theatre, Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts (WA2 5671). THE MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND. Th 10 Feb-Sat 12 Feb: 7.45. Sat 12 Feb: 4.45 SOUTH PACIFIC. Book and lyrics by Hammerstein. Music by Rodgers. M 14 Feb-W 16 Feb: 7.45

Queens' Theatre, Hornchurch, Essex (HX4 3333). TONS OF MONEY. Th 10 Feb, F 11 Feb: 8.0. Sat 12 Feb: 5.15, 8.15. DICKON. W 16 Feb: 8.0

Questors Theatre, Mattock Lane, Ealing, W5 (EAL 5184). HANS THE BELL RINGER. Th 10 Feb and F 11 Feb: 2.0, 7.45. Sat 12 Feb: 11 a.m.

Richmond Theatre, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). HOSTILE WITNESS. Th 10 Feb-W 16 Feb: 7.45. Sat 12 Feb: 5.30, 8.15

Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place (CAN 5111). MACBETH. Th 10 Feb, F 11 Feb, Sat 12 Feb, W 16 Feb: 7.30

Theatre Royal, Windsor (WK 61107). FROM THE FRENCH. Th 10 Feb: 7.30. F 11 Feb and Sat 12 Feb: 8.0. Sat 12 Feb: 4.45. THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. M 14 Feb, W 16 Feb: 7.30. T 15 Feb: 8.0

Theatre Royal, Stratford East (MAR 5973). SWEET FANNY ADAMS. Th 10 Feb-W 16 Feb: 8.0. Sat 12 Feb: 5.0

Wimbledon Theatre, Wimbledon, SW19 (WIM 5211). THE GRASS IS GREENER. Th 10 Feb-Sat 12 Feb: 7.30

Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford (Guildford 60191). WANTED — ONE BODY. Th 10 Feb: 2.30, 7.45. F 11 Feb and Sat 12 Feb: 5.0, 8.0. M 14 Feb-W 16 Feb: 7.45

FILMS

The cult of the bad film reaches its zenith with the presentation of *Batman* at the Columbia Shaftesbury Avenue. The glorification of the trivial has been an increasingly large part of British cinemagoing over the last five years. Roger Corman, director of such evocatively titled horror films as *Attack of the 50-ft Woman*, has suddenly transcended the appreciative, if ribald, comments of the Sunday afternoon audience and found himself the subject of deep analysis.

But the resurrection of Batman and Robin ("the high-camp folk heroes" as they have been called) is simply an attempt to echo the unexpected vogue they are enjoying in the States. Columbia's 15-episode serial, originally screened at the children's matinées, was suddenly in great demand at college and university film club performances. A new coast-to-coast television series was set up and *The Batman Theme* flew into the American charts.

Today's audience chortle and snigger at the cliff-hanging melodrama but, surprisingly, they stay the course of this 4¼-hour marathon. The story repeats itself at quarter-hourly intervals and there is never a shadow of doubt that the intrepid heroes will triumph over the forces of evil (here represented by J Carrol Naish as the inscrutable Dr Dakar, leader of a Japanese spy ring. Remember the series was made in 1943 and propaganda was a definite side-intention). National Periodical Publications still put Batman before an eager public at erratic intervals. In pulp comic form, Batman is on his own ground, and Bob Kane's artwork allows for more variety of adventure than hesitant trick photography.

Despite the transparent poverty of its budget and a distinct apathy on the part of the actors, *Batman* is almost certain to begin a cult governed more by affectionate nostalgia than artistic appreciation. Adults may enjoy the audience participation (clap the hero, hiss the villain and throw in a few jokes of your own) that is being encouraged by the distributors, but there is little doubt that children would reject the serial as mundane.

The next generation are spending their Saturday mornings watching serials made by the Children's Film Foundation, an organisation fully aware of the fact that relaxed censorship and saturation TV coverage have produced children of more sophisticated tastes. Now the fight is against social evils. The Japanese spy has been replaced by the stranger with his bag of sweets.

david castell

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS

Federico Fellini has hinted that his next film will be a realistic, everyday drama. In any case "Juliet of the Spirits," running concurrently at the Academy One and Two, is the last of his trilogy of fantasies. Fellini's first real commercial success in this country was with "La Dolce Vita," his cynical parable on the sadness of sin. "8½," in which Marcello Mastroianni played the character of a film director brought to a crisis of self-examination, found a smaller audience. The new film, his first major production in colour, concerns a middle-aged woman's obsession with her husband's infidelity. The role is played by Giulietta Masina (above), Fellini's wife.

TOP FIVE

1 Bunny Lake is Missing. 2 Shadows. 3 Juliet of the Spirits. 4 Flight of the Phoenix. 5 Spy Who Came in from the Cold

OPENING

THE LOVE CAGE. The world of violence and intrigue, plot and counter-plot; directed by René Clément with an elegant bravura, and superb photography by Henri Decaë. Lola Albright as an American widow with a captive lover, Jane Fonda as her scheming niece and Alain Delon as the confidence trickster who falls foul of both of them. Though it flags somewhat towards the middle, it has a fine sense of the absurd and – at times – great style. (France. 95 min.) *Empire Leicester Sq.* GER 1234. Opens Th 10 Feb (tentative)

WEST END

AGONY & THE ECSTASY (U). Todd-AO spectacular featuring the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and based on Irving Stone's biography of Michelangelo (Charlton Heston). Director Carol Reed has concentrated on visual effect at the expense of being taken seriously. Rex Harrison, as an urbane Pope Julius II, relieves the otherwise all-pervading tedium. (Diane Cilento, Harry Andrews. Col. 139 min.) *Astoria Charing Cross Rd.* GER 5895. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

BATMAN. After its incredible success in the States, the Saturday morning thriller comes into its own here. This involves the cartoon character Batman (Lewis Wilson) and his relentless crusade against a Japanese spy ring; in particular the inscrutable Dr Dakar. In place of the brittle sophistication of Bond, it offers an outrageous amateurishness. Full of childhood nostalgia; a phenomenon that demands to be seen and derided. (Douglas Croft, Shirley Patterson. Dir: Lambert Hillyer. 1943. 248 min.) *Columbia Shaftesbury Ave.* REG 5414

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villain. But the real heroes are the giant tanks, ploughing their way through the countryside. Magnificent. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Co. 163 min.) *Casino Old Compton St*, W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

BLINDFOLD (U). This latest addition to the spoof spy cycle involves Rock Hudson as a bewildered psychologist and Claudia Cardinale as the husky-voiced sister of a kidnapped scientist. Brave FBI agents; counterfeit ones; a prolonged chase in Southern swamplands – complete with alligators and a comic mule. Generally enjoyable, except when director Philip Dunne tries to ape Hitchcock on his own ground. (Col. 100 min.) *Leicester Sq Theatre.* WHI 5252

BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING (X). Does Bunny Lake exist? Preminger applies a rather heavy hand to suspense. A distinguished international cast, including a brilliant sketch of a dotty schoolmarm (Martita Hunt), and an outstanding performance by Carol Lynley. As an exploration of mental derangement it fails lamentably. Nevertheless it is enjoyable and stylish with quite striking photography of the London locations. (Laurence Olivier, Keir Dullea, Noël Coward. 107 min.) *Odeon Leicester Sq.* WHI 6111

FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX (A). A 'plane crashes in the desert. There emerge an alcoholic (Richard Attenborough) a stiff-upper-lip British Captain (Peter Finch); a cowardly Sergeant (Ronald Fraser) and an ageing pilot (James Stewart), somewhat lost. Lips crack as characters clash beside the sand dunes. Directed by Robert Aldrich, it might increase ice-cream sales. (Hardy Kruger, Ernest Borgnine, Christian Marquand, Dan Duryea. Col. 140 min.) *Carlton Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 2.24, 5.19, 8.16 (Sat: 11.15 pm). Sun: 2.24, 5.19, 8.16 (ends 16 Feb)

GOLDFINGER (A). Sex, sadism, suspense. Guy Hamilton has perfected the Fleming formula and transformed it into a tongue-in-cheek burlesque. Sean Connery, more than usually whimsical, finds himself shackled to an atom bomb in Fort Knox. Judo-expert Honor Blackman makes an appearance, *and* that Aston Martin. (Shirley Eaton, Gert Frobe. Col. 109 min.) *Odeon Haymarket.* WHI 2788

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagantly slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villain and Tony Curtis the spoof hero. Blake Edwards' feeblest screenplay, but with a good sense of the period. While determined to be a lot of fun, it merely proves conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Coliseum St. Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.30, 7.30. Sat: 2.0, 5.15, 8.30, 11.45. Sun: 4.0 7.30

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (X). Fellini's companion piece to *8½*, this time in superb colour, tells the story of the soul-searching of a rather idle, middle-aged woman (Giulietta Masina) whose husband is unfaithful to her. Her haunting and surrealistic fantasies are explored with great cinematic virtuosity, but in the last analysis, the film proves as insubstantial as the apparitions themselves. (France/Italy. Col. 137 min.) *Academy One.* GER 2981, and *Academy Two.* GER 5129, Oxford St. W1

MY FAIR LADY (U). Lavish, if not cloying, direction of the Lerner & Loewe musical by George Cukor, with Edwardian décor by Cecil Beaton. Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little *too* safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Col. SuperPanavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Sq*, W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.15. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway*, WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

ONE SPY TOO MANY (A). That man from UNCLE again. This time Napoleon conquers Alexander who, appropriately enough, was aiming to conquer the world. The preposterous gimmickery includes a "will gas," a human chess game and a bottomless pit. All in the out-Bonding-Bond tradition, with Messrs Vaughn and McCallum riding again. Joseph Sergeant directs. (Rip Torn, Dorothy Provine, Leo G Carroll. Col. 101 min.) *Ritz Leicester Sq.* GER 1234

RETURN FROM THE ASHES (X). A somewhat contrived thriller set in Paris at the end of the war. Director J Lee Thompson achieves isolated moments of intensity, though script and characterisation are flimsy. Ingrid Thülin, as the wife, has little on which to fasten her talents and Maximilian Schell, as the husband, achieves a convincing shallowness. (Samantha Eggar. 103 min.) *Prince Charles Theatre Leicester Pl*, W1. GER 8181. 12.50, 2.50, 4.55, 7.0, 9.10. Fri & Sat: 11.20. Sun: 2.30, 4.30, 6.35, 8.45

SHADOWS. Directed by John Cassavetes, this sensitive, often desperate, film was regarded as a major breakthrough in filmmaking. Using the technique of actor improvisation, it consists of a fragmentary glimpse at the life of a coloured family in New York City; their loneliness and search for identity in the urban sub-culture. It has an almost over-conscious realism. (Lelia Goldoni, Ben Carruthers, Hugh Hurd, Anthony Ray. 81 min. 1958-59.) *Academy Cinema Club* (members only), Oxford Street, W1. GER 8819

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. Rodgers' tunes relieve, but not redeem it, though it lays claim to a certain cosy charm. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO, 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Ct Rd*, W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0.

SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD (A). Based on John le Carré's best-seller of the bread-and-butter world of espionage. Martin Ritt's direction, while faithful in a large measure to the book, is at times confusing to the uninitiated. Richard Burton is the resolutely if not desperately down-at-heel Leamas, and Claire Bloom his earnest Communist girl-friend. Worth seeing as a corrective to Bondery, but not such fun. (Oskar Werner. 112 min.) *Plaza Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. 2.0, 5.10, 8.20. (Sat 11.30 pm) Sun: 2.30, 5.25, 8.20 (ends 16 Feb). & *Studio One Oxford St.* GER 3300 (from 11 Feb)

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some pleasant enough shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. The Edwardian scene is strikingly caught in colour, but it is absurdly long. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THUNDERBALL (A). Bond has only a few days to find the two atom bombs stolen by SPECTRE. Gadgetry galore, underwater sex, and Connery confidently assuming the role of Superman. Lucianna Paluzzi is the alluring SPECTRE agent and Claudine Auger one of Bond's more memorable conquests. The usually superb sets by Ken Adam, but the formula begins to pall. (Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell. Dir: Terence Young. Col. 125 min.) *London Pavilion Piccadilly Circus*, W1. GER 2982. 10.30, 12.55, 3.30, 5.55, 8.40. (Sat: 11.30 pm) Sun: 3.15, 5.55, 8.40. *Rialto Coventry St*, W1. GER 3488. 12.40, 3.5, 5.40, 8.15. Sun: 2.45, 5.20, 7.55.

OTHER FILMS

Acton Granada. House of Wax (X), Phantom of the Rue Morgue (X). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Acton Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Baker Street Classic. Rebecca (A). Fri only, 11.15 pm: World in his Arms (U). Sun: Notorious (A)
Balham Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Balham Ritz. West Side Story (A). Sun: Deadly Mantis (X), Land Unknown (X)
Bayswater ABC. Secret Paris (X), Victim (X). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Beckenham ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Blackheath ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Bowes Park Ritz. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Brentwood Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Brixton ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Brixton Astoria. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Brixton Classic. Gunsmoke (U), Ladies who do (U). Sun: 3.10 to Yuma (A), Escape to Burma (A)
Brixton Granada. Face of Fu Manchu (U), Carry on Cabby (U). Sat only: Wrestling. Sun only: Seddok (X), Frantic (X). Mon: Kingdom in the Sand (U), We're Wrestling tonight (A)
Bromley Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Camberwell ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Camberwell Grand. Peyton Place (A). Sun only: Geronimo (A), Mysteries of Paris (A). Mon: 36-24-36 (X), How I lived as Eve (A)
Camberwell Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Camden Town Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Camden Town Plaza. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun only: The Blob (X), I married a monster from Outer Space (X). Mon: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Catford ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Charing Cross Road Cameo Royal. Four in the morning (X). Check with Cinema
Chelsea Classic. Phaedra (X). Sun: Bedtime Story (A)
Chelsea Essoldo. King Rat (A). Sun: The King and I (U)
Chelsea Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Clapham Granada. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun only: Boys Night Out (X), Circus of Horrors (X). Mon: West Side Story (A)
Clapham Junction Imperial. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Wild in the Country (A), Flaming Star (A)
Clapton ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Clapton Kenninghall. Up in the World (U), Where the River Bends (U). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Croydon ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Croydon Classic. Marnie (X), Home of your Own (U). Sun: The Birds (X), Last Day of Summer (A)
Croydon Odeon. The Greatest Story ever Told (U)
Crystal Palace Granada. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: House of Wax (X), Phantom of the Rue Morgue (X)
Dalston Classic. The Victors (X). Sun: The Raven (X), Dr Crippen (X)
Dalston Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Deptford Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun only: Attack of the Crab Monsters (X), Not of this Earth (X). Mon: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Drayton Gardens Paris-Pullman. The Knack (X), La Notte (X)
Ealing ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Ealing Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
East Dulwich Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
East Ham Granada. 36-24-36 (X), How I lived as Eve (A). Sun only: Journey to the 7th Planet (U), S.O.S. Pacific (A). Mon: Thing from another world (X), Night is the Phantom (X)
East Ham Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Edgware Road ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), Haunted Palace (X)
Edgware Road Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Edmonton Granada. Peyton Place (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Pigeon that worked a Miracle (U)
Edmonton Regal. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Elephant & Castle Theatre. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Essex Road ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Finchley Rex. Lady L (A), Money Trap (A). Sun: Peyton Place (A), Desert Rats (U)
Finsbury Park Astoria. House of Wax (X), Phantom of the Rue Morgue (X). Sun: Peyton Place (A)
Forest Gate Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Forest Hill Capitol. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (A). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Fulham Road ABC. Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U). Sun: Monster of Terror (X), Haunted Palace (X)
Golders Green ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Golders Green Ionic. Peyton Place (A), Desert Rats (U). Sun: Zorba the Greek (X), Marriage—Italian Style (X)
Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin. Loving Couples (X), Her Bikini never got wet (A)
Greenwich Granada. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Fri only: Wrestling. Sat: War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Wed only: Wrestling
Hackney ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Hackney Essoldo. Spy with my face (A), West of Montana (A). Sun: Revenge of Spartacus (U), Man from Bitter Ridge (U)
Hammersmith ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Hammersmith Broadway. West Side Story (A). Sun only: New York Confidential (X), Fantastic Disappearing Man (X). Mon: Mutiny on the Bounty (A)
Hammersmith Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun (STAGE): Ella Fitzgerald & Duke Ellington. Mon: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Hampstead Classic. Peyton Place (A). Sun: Une Femme Mariée (X), The Troublemaker (A)
Hampstead Everyman. L'Atalante (A). Mon: Poil de Carotte (X)
Harlesden Coliseum. West Side Story (A). Sun only: The Hook (A), When the Clock Strikes (A). Mon: Adventures of Scaramouche (U), Hercules Attacked (U)
Harlesden Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Harringay ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Harringay Curzon. Secret Paris (X). Sun only: Comedy of Terrors (X), Evil Eye (X). Mon: G.I. Blues (U), The Caddie (U)
Harrow Road Prince of Wales. Hands of a Killer (X), Terror is a Man (X). Sun only: Corridors of Blood (X), Nights of Rasputin (X). Mon: Peyton Place (A)
Haverstock Hill Odeon. The Greatest Story ever Told (U)
Hendon Gala. The Longest Day (A). Sun: Inn of the Sixth Happiness (U)
Hendon Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Highams Park Regal. Cleopatra (A). Sun only: Dinosaurus (X), Girls on the loose (X). Mon: What a Way to Go! (A)
Highgate Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Holloway ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Holloway Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Islington Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Islington Rex. Escort for Hire (A), Operation Crossbow (A). Mon: Panic in the year Zero (X), Tales of Terror (X)
Kensal Rise Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun only: Attack of the Crab Monsters (X), Not of this Earth (X). Mon: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Kensal Rise Palace. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Kensington Odeon. Thunderball (A). Fri only: Aida (U). Sat: Thunderball (A)
Kentish Town ABC Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Kilburn Classic. War & Peace (U). Sun: Paris when it Sizzles (A), Fire over England (U)
Kilburn Essoldo. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Kilburn State. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Kingsbury Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
King's Cross Century. Licensed to Kill (A), Hunchback of Notre Dame (A). Sun only: China Gate (A), Savage Innocents (A). Mon: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
King's Cross Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Mon: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Lewisham Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Leyton ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Leyton Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Leytonstone Rialto. Mutiny on the Bounty (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Chico—the Misunderstood Coyote (U)
Manor Park Coronation. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Marble Arch Gala Royal. The Silence (X), Le Bonheur (X). Check with Cinema
Marble Arch Jacey. Guns of Navarone (A). Check with Cinema
Mile End Road ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Mile End Road Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Morden Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Muswell Hill ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Muswell Hill Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Neasden Ritz. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
New Victoria. Thunderball (A)
Notting Hill Classic. Seven days in May (U). Fri only, 11.15 pm: Rendezvous at Midnight (X). Sun: Citizen Kane (A)
Notting Hill Gaumont. The Greatest Story ever Told (U)
Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. The Warrior Empress (U), Apache Territory (U). Sun only: Fury at Gunsight Pass (U) Brothers Rico (A). Mon: The Underwater City (U), Tarawa Beachhead (A)
Old Kent Road ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Old Kent Road Astoria. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Oxford Street Cinephone. Dear John (X)
Paddington Essoldo. Man from the Alamo (U), Too many Crooks (U). Sun only: Battle of the Beach (U) Invisible Invader (A). Mon: Saga of Hemp Brown (U), In the Doghouse (U)
Palmers Green Queen's Hall. To Trap a Spy (A), The Courtship of Eddie's Father (U). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Park Royal Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Peckham Odeon. The Greatest Story ever Told (U)
Penge Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Piccadilly Jacey. Dummy of Death (A), West End Jungle (X)
Poplar Essoldo. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Mon: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Pigeon who worked a Miracle (U)
Praed Street Classic. Viva Zapata (A), The General (U). Sun: Blood & Roses (X), Dracula (X)
Putney ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Putney Globe. Spy with my face (A), Murder at the Gallop (U). Sun: Yoyo (U), Lady Killers (U)
Putney Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Queensbury Essoldo. Goliath, King of the Slaves (U), Tiger of Terror (U). Sun: Mysterious Island (U), Pirates of Blood River (U)
Raynes Park Rialto. Lord Jim (A). Sun: Lady L (A), Money Trap (A)
Richmond ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Richmond Gaumont. Walk on the Wild Side (X), David & Lisa (X). Sun: Licensed to Kill (A), Testament of Dr Mabuse (A)
Richmond Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Wed: An Evening with the Royal Ballet (U)
St Pancras Tolmer. Magnificent Seven (U), Emerald Curtain (U). Sun only: Sail a crooked Ship (U), Warrior & the Slave Girl (U). Mon: Al Capone (A), Amazon Women (A)
Shepherds Bush Essoldo. West Side Story (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Shepherds Bush Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
South Norwood Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Southfields Plaza. Study in Terror (X). Saturday night out (X). Sun only: Attila the Hun (A), Son of the Red Pirate (U). Mon: King Rat (A), Six-sided Triangle (U)
Southgate Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Stamford Hill Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Stepney Essoldo. Hell bent for leather (U), Man from the Alamo (U). Sun only: No time to die (U), Cat Girl (A). Mon: Red Beret (A), The Mongols (U)
Stockwell Classic. Les Liaisons Dangereuses (X), Taste of Honey (X). Sun: Black Fox (A), Lord of the Flies (X)
Stoke Newington ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Stoke Newington Coliseum. Cavalry Command (U), Thunder of Battle (U). Sun: Blood of the Vampire (X), Curse of the Werewolf (X)
Stratford ABC. Ten Little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Streatham ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Streatham Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Swiss Cottage Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X). Tues only (STAGE): The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
Sydenham Granada. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Temple Fortune Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Thornton Heath Granada. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Tooting ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Tooting Astoria. Tarzan's Three Challenges (U), Sheepman (U). Sun: Revenge of Spartacus (U), Man from Bitter Ridge (U)
Tooting Bec Classic. Richard III (U). Sun: War & Peace (U)
Tooting Granada. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Tottenham Court Road Berkeley. Fellini's 8½ (A). Check with Cinema
Tottenham Court Road Continentale. Last Year in Marienbad (U), My Home is Copacabana (U). Check with Cinema
Tottenham Palace. Licensed to Kill (A), Invincible Masked Rider (A). Sun only: The Blob (X), I Married a Monster from Outer Space (X). Mon: Guns of Navarone (A)
Tottenham Florida. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Upper Regent Street Cameo Poly. No Questions on Saturday (U)
Upton Park ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Victoria Biograph. Hide & Seek (U). It's all happening (U). Sun only: Jigsaw (A), Stop, Look & Laugh (U). Mon: Days of Wine & Roses (X), Voyage to the end of the Universe (U)
Victoria Cameo. Sins of Rachel Cade (A). Sun: Woman of Straw (A)
Walham Green ABC. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun only: Beat Girl (X), Curse of the Faceless Man (X). Mon: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Walthamstow Granada. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Wandsworth Road Granada. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun & Tues: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Mon & Wed: Bingo
Waterloo Station Classic. Mein Kampf (X). Sun: Where There's a Will (A)
Well Hall Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Wembley ABC. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Wembley Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. Une Femme Mariée (X), Bal de Nuit (X). Check with Cinema
Westbourne Grove Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)
Whalebone Lane Odeon. Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A). Sun: Spy who came in from the Cold (A), Flash the Teenage Otter (U)
Wimbledon ABC. He who rides a Tiger (A), Great Sioux Massacre (U). Sun: Ten little Indians (A), Captive City (A)
Wimbledon Odeon. War Lord (A), World of Abbott & Costello (U). Sun: Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A)
Wood Green Odeon. Sky West & Crooked (A), Mission for a Killer (A). Sun: Return from the Ashes (X), A Rage to Live (X)

CINEMA CLUBS

National Film Theatre. Waterloo Bridge, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3232). **No smoking. All foreign films sub-titled or with earphone commentary.**
Th 10 Feb: La Regle du Jeu, 6.15, 8.30
F 11 Feb: La Tosca, 6.15, 8.30
Sat 12 Feb: The Dividing Line, 4.0, 6.15, 8.30
Sun 13 Feb: Swamp Water, 4.0, 6.15, 8.30
M 14 Feb: A Night in an English Music Hall, 6.15, 8.30
T 15 Feb: The Dividing Line, 6.15. Swamp Water, 8.30
W 16 Feb: The Prowler, 6.15, 8.30
Starlight Cinema Club. May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Sq, W1 (MAY 7777). Th 10 Feb, 2 days: The Song of Bernadette, 7.0. Les Enfants du Paradis, 9.30
Sat 12 Feb only: Gangs Incorporated, 8.0, 10.30
Sun 13 Feb, 4 days: The Red Badge of Courage, 8.0, 10.35. Sun: 8.30. With: Hot Spot, 9.10. Sun: 9.40

music

Like the man who took his harp to a party, bass players are seldom called upon to perform, except in the company of other bass players. Next Tuesday's (15 February) concert at the Festival Hall will feature the first double-bass concerto they have heard there since the Hall opened in 1951. It is a three-movement work by Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf, an 18th-century German operatic composer, and it will be played by 42-year-old Stuart Knussen, who is principal bass of the LSO.

Whether the bass, largest and deepest-toned member of the string family, really has a legitimate role as a solo instrument is a matter of argument. The young American, Gary Karr, who is the only full-time solo bassist now operating, passionately insists that it has; warmth, dignity and even beauty are the qualities he ascribes to it. Most musicians, including other bass players, would probably disagree. With its gruff tone, ponderous gait and uncertainty of intonation, the bass is liable to produce comic effects not always intended. Knussen, a player for 26 years, and one of the finest in this country, is firmly with the No's. "The bass," he says flatly, "has a magnificent place in the symphony orchestra—but a soloist? Frankly, no. All you can do is to try and make it sound as much as possible like a 'cello." Despite this view, he has made a number of solo recordings and broadcasts. His attitude to next week's concert might be ascribed as qualified enthusiasm. "I think the player has a duty to show what his instrument can do—but, for a bass, it's always a bit of a shock to find yourself on your own."

Suitably burly and strongly muscled—though bass players are just as often small men — Manchester-born Knussen takes his music very seriously. As a boy his overriding ambition was to play—it didn't matter what—in a great symphony orchestra.

He is also an ardent propagandist for his art; he would like to see TV subtly pumping good music into young ears, instead of endless pop—"It's a pity classical music hasn't got a Brian Epstein working for it." His own 13-year-old son, Oliver, already shows the family talent; his professor, John Lambert, thinks he could be a composer of note.

Next Tuesday, with Dittersdorf on the South Bank and Danny Kaye at the Albert Hall, will be quite a night for collectors of musical rarities. But Stuart Knussen will be more than happy to sink back into the anonymity of the LSO bass line.

richard last

Istvan Kertesz conducts the London Symphony Orchestra (Royal Festival Hall, 10 & 15 Feb)

CONCERTS

Thurs 10 Feb

Royal Albert Hall. Requiem, Mozart. Spring Symphony, Britten. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Royal Choral Soicety. 7.30

Royal Festival Hall. Symphony (1st performance), Bennett. Piano Concerto in E flat K 271, Mozart. Pictures From an Exhibition, Mussorgsky-Ravel. Conductor: Istvan Kertesz. London Symphony Orchestra. Soloist: Vladimir Ashkenazy (piano). 8.0

Fri 11 Feb

Royal Albert Hall. Overture, Santiago de Espado, Williamson. Violin Concerto in G Minor, Bruch. L'Apprenti Sorcier, Dukas. Serenade for Strings in E minor, Elgar. Francesca da Rimini, Tchaikovsky. Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Soloist: Ridney Friend (violin). 7.45

Royal Festival Hall. Cantata No 80: Ein feste Burg, Bach. Missa Brevis (1st performance), Bryan Kelly. Mass in D minor (Nelson), Haydn. Conductor: David Willcocks. Bach Choir, Jaques Orchestra. 8.0

Sat 12 Feb

Royal Festival Hall. Ernest Read Orchestral Concert for Children. Conductor: Myers Foggin. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Soloist: Florence Hooton (cello). 11.0 am

Sun 13 Feb

Royal Festival Hall. Overture, Leonora No 2; Piano Concerto No 5 in E flat; Symphony No 6 in F, Beethoven. Conductor: Colin Davis. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Soloist: Wilhelm Kempff (piano). 7.30

Commonwealth Institute, Kensington, W8 (WES 1852). Symphony No 44 (Trauer) in E minor, Haydn. Piano Concerto No 10 in E flat major K 449; Symphony No 29 in A major K 201, Mozart. Canzonas on a theme of Rameau, for strings (1st performance), Wilfred Josephs. Conductor: Sydney Fixman. Ben Uri Chamber Orchestra. Peter Wallfisch (piano). 7.30

Royal Albert Hall. Concert of sacred and secular music by the Vienna Boys' Choir, conducted by Anton Neyder. 7.30

Tues 15 Feb

Royal Festival Hall. Music for His Majesty's Sackbutts and Cornetts. Locke. Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis, Vaughan Williams. Double Bass Concerto, Dittersdorf. Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Purcell, Britten. Symphony No 2 in D, Brahms. Conductor: Istvan Kertesz. London Symphony Orchestra. Soloist: Stuart Knussen (double bass). 8.0

Wed 16 Feb

Royal Festival Hall. Missa Solemnis, Beethoven. Conductor: Antal Dorati. BBC Symphony Orchestra. Chorus and Choral Society. 8.0

RECITALS

Thurs 10 Feb

Wigmore Hall. Carl Dolmetsch (recorder), Joseph Saxby (harpsichord) and the Martin String Quartet. 7.30

St George's, Hanover Sq, W1. Classical music and Bartok. Lili Kraus (piano). 8.0

Fri 11 Feb

Wigmore Hall. Peter David Snyder (cello), and Walter Kamper (piano). 7.30

Sat 12 Feb

Wigmore Hall. David Montagu (violin), Ernest Lush (piano). 7.30

Sun 13 Feb

Wigmore Hall. Grace Wilkinson (piano). 3.0

Victoria & Albert Museum, S Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Songs by Mozart, Haydn, Bartok. Helen Erwin-Donath (soprano). 7.30

Mon 14 Feb

Wigmore Hall. Carmen Vila (piano). 7.30

Royal Festival Hall. Quartet in D minor Op 76 No 2, Haydn. Quartet No 4, Bartok. Quartet in A minor D 804, Schubert. Amadeus String Quartet. 8.0

Tue 15 Feb

Bishopsgate Hall, EC2 (BIS 2254). Sylvia Rosenberg (violin), Yonty Soloman (piano). 1.5. Adm: 2s 6d

Wigmore Hall. Leah Effenbach (piano). 7.30

OPERA

Saville Theatre, Shaftesbury Av, WC2 (TEM 4011). Th 10 and F 11 Feb: The Yeoman of the Guard. Sat 12 Feb: 2nd Act Iolanthe and 1st Act The Gondoliers. Conductor: Isidore Godfrey. The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. 7.30. Matinee Sat 12 Feb, 2.30

Fri 11 Feb

Sadler's Wells. The Thieving Magpie, Rossini. Conductor: Balkwill. Cast: Wilson, Kern, Robson, Pilley, Fryatt, Chorley, Dowling, Garrard, Blackburn. 7.30

Sat 12 Feb

Sadler's Wells. Madame Butterfly, Puccini (last performance). Conductor: Bernardi. Cast: June, S Chapman, Gilmore, McAlpine, Bevan, Easton. 7.30

Royal Opera House. Der Fiegende Holländer, Wagner (last public performance this season). Conductor: Solti. Cast: Jones, Bainbridge, Pribyl, Macdonald, D Ward, Langdon. 7.30

Tues 15 Feb

Sadler's Wells. L'Enfant et les Sortileges, Ravel. Conductor: Matheson; and L'Heure Espagnole, Ravel. Conductor: Brydon. (New Opera Company production.) Cast: London, Rendell, Morelle, S Chapman, Sarti, Fryatt, Hauxvell, Dowling, Blackham, Belcourt, Chorley, Folley, Savoie. 7.30

Royal Opera House. La Bohème, Puccini. Conductor: Lockhart. Cast: Carlyle, Robson, Bonhomme, Bryn-Jones, Ronald Lewis, Forbes Robinson. 7.30

Fri 11 Feb

Royal Opera House. As above.

Wed 16 Feb

Sadler's Wells. The Thieving Magpie, Rossini. Conductor: Balkwill. Cast: Wilson, Kern, Robson, Pilley, Fryatt, Chorley, Dowling, Garrard, Blackburn. 7.30

BALLET

Thurs 10 Feb

Royal Opera House. Les Patineurs, Meyerbeer. Brandenberg Nos 2 and 4, Bach (1st performance of new production). Antigone, Theodorakis. Conductor: Comissiona. Choreographers: Ashton, Cranko. Cast: The Royal Ballet. 7.30

Mon 14 Feb

Royal Opera House. Swan Lake, Tchaikovsky. Conductor: Lanchbery. Choreographers: Ivanov and Petipa/Toms. Cast: The Royal Ballet (with Fonteyn and Nureyev). 7.30

GALLERIES

Sometimes a wise man rushes in with a comment where lesser men have foolishly not spoken out. At the start of a recent broadcast talk in the "Picture of the Month" series, Professor Ellis Waterhouse remarked that the picture he wished to discuss in the Wallace Collection was usually invisible and that it was easier to comb one's hair in the glass than see the picture as a whole. I am sure he is right and hope it explains why until he drew my attention to it I was not aware that we had that particular painting.

Since then, by coincidence or in agreement, unwelcome glass has been pointed out in relation to the Turners in the Tate, and, in approval, the Raphael cartoons at the V and A where the old and very green glass has been replaced by some much clearer. More and more one appreciates the visual revolution that we can enjoy as the air-conditioned rooms spread at the National Gallery. The latter, however, has yet to solve the problem of getting enough light on to the pictures in many of its galleries let alone stopping it bouncing off.

Paintings have to be protected and the reason why they cannot all be left bare is the quantity of dirt and chemicals in any atmosphere that is not controlled. Anyone wishing to check on just what does float about may damp a handkerchief and gently run it along the gilt around one of their own pictures, in his own home.

The top varnish of a painting is applied as a protection and on a large picture this can provide its own dazzle and obscurity. Some progress is being made but neither altruistic science nor interested commerce has yet produced an invisible or matt varnish that is sufficiently flexible, simple to put on and, of course, simple to take off again. Glass that doesn't reflect has also been sought for. At an exhibition a few years ago, Picasso drawings were framed behind a new type of glass but whatever stopped the light bouncing back off the surface also stopped too much of the quality of the drawings getting through; they looked like good reproductions.

It is not only pictures that suffer by having their sensual textural qualities reduced to a tabletop polish. My own hobbyhorse has long been the absurdity of showing the carpets at the V and A in enormous flat glass picture frames, sometimes on the floor. I don't ask to walk on them but merely to experience visually the sensation that they cushion the air and are not aesthetically sterilised in the cause of historical record.

keith sutton

TOP FIVE

1 The Young Contemporaries (Art Federation Galleries). **2** Bonnard (Royal Academy). **3** West Coast Artists (Robert Fraser Galleries). **4** Gauguin & Recent Acquisitions (Tate Gallery). **5** Sonia Delaunay (Gimpel Fils).

OPENING

individual shows

Alexanco and Villalba. Drian, 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Young Spanish figurative artists: Alexanco; graphics – mainly silk-screen; Villalba; football players in gesso relief medium. 15-28 Feb. Daily 10-6

Ken Turner. Lord's, 26 Wellington Road, NW8. PRI 4444. Art In Architecture; constructions, sculptures, paintings and space projects by teacher of Construction and Environmental Design. 14 Feb-19 March. 10-7 including Sat and Sun

mixed shows

Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Reliefs, sculpture, paintings, collages. Koenig – terra-cotta and bronze reliefs; Kennett – abstract bronze sculpture; Dolenec – paintings on glass Lorri – collage-paintings. 15 Feb-12 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Mansard, at Heals, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W1. MUS 1666. Contemporary Icelandic painters, first exhibition of its kind in London. 14 Feb-26 Feb. M-F 9-5.30, Sat 9-1, Th 9-7

RWS, 26 Conduit Street, W1. MAY 8300. **Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers.** 12 Feb-16 March. M-F 10-5, Sat 9.30-12.30

CURRENT

individual shows

Norman Adams. Roland, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7984. Recent paintings, small watercolours and large oils inspired by Scottish lochs and lakes. Until 5 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Trevor Bates. Grabowski, 84 Sloane work; sculpture screens of light-Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Recent handed open metal, between £35-£300; drawings from £15. Until 26 Feb. Daily 10-6

Ernest Benkert, Francis Hewitt, Edwin Mieczkowski. ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. "Anonima" Group of New York, three American artists showing recent paintings. Library; **Miralda** - drawings by Spanish artist. Both shows until 19 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

André Bicat and Charles Keene. Leicester, 4 Audley Square, South Audley Street, W1. MAY 1159. Bicat; recent oil paintings and water colours of Tuscany. Keene; Drawings, including subjects and studies for *Punch* jokes etc. Until 5 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Asher Bilu. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Recent paintings. Until 24 Feb. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Sandra Blow. New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. BEL 5844. Recent paintings, first exhibition in London for three or four years. Eleven large paintings, up to 54 by 96 in. and number of small oils on paper. Until 5 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Bonnard, Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1. REG 7981. Major retrospective exhibition. Until Sun 6 March. M-Sat 10-6, Wed 10-8, Sun 2-6. Adm. 10s. Sun 5s, season ticket £1

Sonia Delaunay, Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Wife of Robert Delaunay: retrospective (1907-65), of oils, drawings, gouaches and pastels. Until 26 Feb. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

Hannema, Halina Foster, Woodstock, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Paintings by artists new to gallery. Until 28 Feb. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Hannah Hoech (b 1904). Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Collages. Also exhibition of watercolours and drawings by Dada, Expressionist and Bauhaus artists. Until 19 Feb. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

Kim James, Hanover, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. First one-man exhibition of sculptures in bronze and marble. Until March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

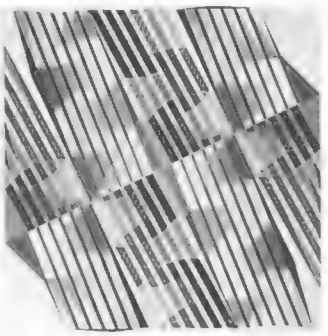
Brian Kneale, Whitechapel, High Street, E1. BIS 1492. Retrospective exhibition of sculptures and paintings. Until 3 March. M-Sat 11-6, Sun 2-6

Margaret Neve, Guy Burn, Hamilton, 8 St George Street, Hanover Square, W1. HYD 3196. Until 15 Feb. Daily 10-6, Sat 10-1

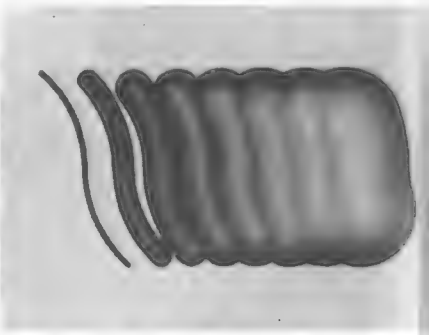
Alejandro Otero, Signals London, 39 Wigmore Street, W1. WEL 8044. Until 20 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Lady Jane Grey (anon), NPG

Sonia Delaunay, Gimpels



Edwin Mieczkowski, ICA



Peter Schmidt, Curwen

Pollakoff, Redfern, 20 Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Paintings, etchings and lithographs, work since 1945. Until 26 Feb. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Gaston Prunier and **Henry Somm.** Anthony D'Offay, 6 Vigo Street, W1. REG 5568. Drawings. Until 28 Feb. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Raphael, Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. Special exhibition of the seven restored cartoons

Ron Robertson-Swann, Wendy Taylor, Yeheskiel Yardeni. Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. First showing of three new sculptors. Through Feb. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Willi Rondas. John Wibley, 60 George Street, W1. WEL 5651. Brussels born artist, trained architect and picture restorer, showing recent Surrealist paintings. Until 26 Feb. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

Peter Schmidt. Curwen, 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1549. Recent paintings and silk-screen prints. Until 26 Feb. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-7

Tim Scott. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. First one-man show at the gallery of young sculptor. Six or seven large works. Until 26 Feb. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

mixed shows

Agnew, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 6176. 93rd Annual Watercolour Exhibition: English drawings and watercolours of 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. Until 5 March. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

Gospel Book (detail), Arts Council

Edward Ruscha, Robert Fraser

Moche Castel, Tate

Poliakoff, Redfern

Arts Council, 4 St James's Square, W1. WHI 9737. Treasures of Rumanian Art: an exhibition lent by the Rumanian Peoples' Republic: works from the 15th to the 18th century, including icons, embroidery, silver, carvings and ceramics. Until 26 Feb, daily 10-6, T and Th 10-8. Adm. 3s 6d, students half price

Art Federation Galleries, 6½ Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, SW1. WHI 6844. Young Contemporaries 1966. Until 23 Feb. 10-6, Sun 2-5. Adm. 2s 6d, students 1s 6d

Axiom Gallery, 79 Duke Street, W1. HYD 6646. First exhibition of new gallery; artists and work suggest a style of cool optical response, paintings, constructions and sculpture. Present show includes John Ernest, Michael Kidner and Malcolm Hughes. Daily 10-6, Sat 10-1

British Museum, Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. Masterpieces of the Print Room—if it were a visiting exhibition there would be queues. State of Asia on eve of European invasion. Daily 10-5. Sun 2.30-6

Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. West Coast Artists: including Larry Bell, Wallace Berman, Bruce J Conner, Lyn Foulkes, Craig Kauffman and Ed Ruscha. Until 20 Feb. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 11-1

McRoberts & Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. "Contrasts 7," Soutine, Segonzac to Steele, Mack, Fontana, etc. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

National Portrait Gallery, 2 St Martin's Place, WC2. WHI 8511. Exhibition of Acquisition of 1965:

Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. Gauguin and the Pont Aven Group. Some 180 paintings, drawings, sculpture and pottery. Work done in Brittany between 1886 and 1894 by Gauguin and his various friends and followers. Until 13 Feb. M-Sat 10-6, T and Th 10-8, Sun 2-6. Adm: 3s 6d

Tooth's, 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. "Colour, Form and Texture"; cntemporary paintings including Appel, Saura, Jenkins, Erma, Mathieu and Dubuffet. Until 21 Feb. M-F 9.30-5.30, Sat 9.30-1

PERMANENT EXHIBITIONS

Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood House, Hampstead Lane, NW3. FIT 1286. Marvellous desirable residence—Georgian gentleman's country house; at least 3 masterpieces permanently visible, including a Rembrandt self-portrait, a Vermeer and an Adam Library. Weekdays 10-4, Sun 2-4

National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, WC2. WHI 7618. Permanent collection of Old Masters, possibly the most comprehensive in the world. Recent acquisitions and pictures rehung after cleaning include Cézanne's *Bathers* and Uccello's *Rout of San Romano.* M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm free

SALEROOMS

MON 14 FEB

An important collection of cookery books and books on gastronomy at Sotheby's. 11 am and 3 pm. This collection of books to be sold in 447 lots has been formed during the last 40 years by a retired Brussels businessman, Monsieur Leon Lambert. Monsieur Lambert is so enthusiastic about gastronomy that he spends four months every year tasting wine and good cookery. He is selling the collection because he now wishes to invest in the very rare and valuable 18th-century satirical works of the author *Restif de la Bretonne.*

Chinese porcelain, bronzes, snuff-bottles and works of art at Sotheby's. 11 am, continuing Tuesday

English and continental porcelain and pottery at Christie's. 11 am

Antique and reproduction furniture, carpets, porcelain and pictures at Phillips, Son and Neale's. 11 am

TUES 15 FEB

English and continental enamels, snuff-boxes and objects of art and vertu at Christie's. 11 am

English and continental furniture, porcelain and works of art, Eastern carpets and rugs at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

Ceramics and objects of art at Puttick & Simpsons. 11 am

Household furniture at Coe's. 10 am

WED 16 FEB

Silver, silver-plate and jewellery at Bonham's. 11 am

English and continental furniture, clocks, mirrors, Eastern rugs and carpets at the Motcomb Galleries. 11 am and 2.30 pm

Antiques at Coe's. 10 am

Pictures at Coe's. 2.30 pm

18th- and 19th-century drawings and paintings at Sotheby's. 10.30 am

Fine old English and foreign silver at Christie's. 11 am. This sale includes 44 lots of silver and plate sent for sale by Lady Spencer-Churchill. She is also selling a walnut-handled palette-knife with a stainless-steel blade in this sale. The knife was presented as a birthday present to the late Sir Winston Churchill on his 80th birthday. The handle is inset with a silver plaque engraved with the inscription "Winston Spencer-Churchill 30.11.54."

THURS 17 FEB

Objects of art and clocks, fine English furniture, tapestries, Eastern rugs and carpets at Christie's. 11 am

Fine jewels at Sotheby's. 11 am

Paintings by Old and Modern Masters at Bongam's. 11 am

Fine furs and fur coats at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am. Want to get rid of that old mink model right away? And if you are on the buying side this is where you get that bargain piece of fluff to keep out the March winds

FRI 18 FEB

19th-century narrative and landscape pictures at Christie's. 11 am

penny haworth

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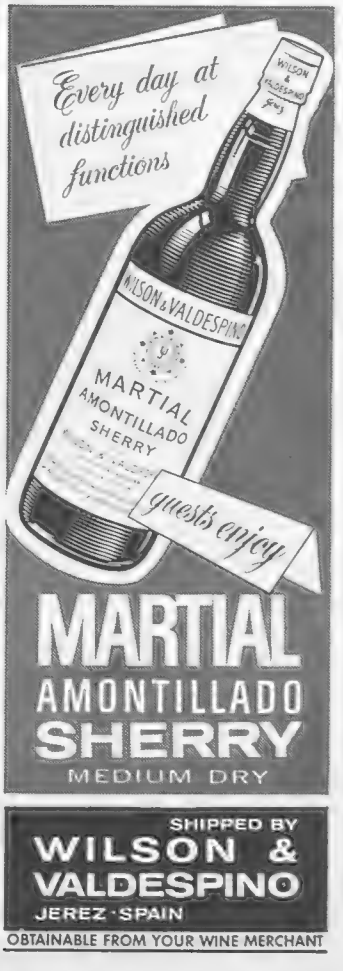

RESTAURANTS

WRITERS ON RESTAURANTS
L'Etoile
by Monica Furlong

I suppose I like L'Etoile because it has a homely, bourgeois quality about it, and because (beyond argument, or appeal, or escape), I am a homely, bourgeois person. I feel at peace with the slightly worn furnishings, the shiny walls, the red lampshades, the unsmart carpet. I like the lace curtains, and the purple copper plate writing on the menu, and the feeling you get, on the edge of soulless Oxford Street, that you are eating in the private dining-room of a housewife who is a sublime cook.

In a way this is nonsense. The clientele of L'Etoile are as urbane as in any other expensive restaurant and no doubt there is heartfelt calculation in the way the place is decorated and run. Nevertheless there is enough genuineness there to please me, and the cooking is very, very good indeed.

My most recent visit fell on a bitterly cold night. Shuddering, we arrived, unwilling to so much as take off our coats. Conventionally but gratefully, I chose *soupe à l'oignon* to start with, since it is the best thing I know for making you sweat, and sweating seemed a good idea. L'Etoile is a good place for staring at other diners—for me an essential part of the pleasure of eating away from home—and while the waiter heated the little pots of soup over the flame I did some strenuous gaping. There were a jolly, middle-aged couple so hugely enjoying themselves that you knew it was all a special treat, and they were going to live on the memory of it for weeks. There were four businessmen, trying to impress one another but not to be impressed. There was a gorgeous girl in turquoise silk trousers and a black velvet jacket, surrounded by awed young men. And there was a boring foursome of two married couples just behind, who talked of nothing but pregnancy and the idleness of *au pair* girls.

After the soup we had a dish cooked for two. *Le carré d'agneau roti.* The waiter cut it carefully into its separate ribs, and thoughtfully brought fingerbowls so that we could get properly to grips with them. (I always think food tastes better if you can hold it in your fingers.) I had chosen *ratatouille à la Niçoise* to go with it, and regretted it. It was too salt, I thought, and the wine they had cooked it in had obscured the natural taste of the vegetables too thoroughly. I wished I had gone for the baby marrows instead.

The lamb was deliciously tender, however, delicately pink at the heart of it, and a warm brown-black on the outside. We had chosen a claret to go with it—Château Leoville-Lascases—and though it did not perform the kind of personal miracle I always hope for, it did give authentic intimations of brotherly love.

My enthusiasm for French cuisine does not go all the way to rejecting the pudding. An obstinately childish bit of me loves sweet things and the sheer prettiness of food spun from cream and fruit, and they can do it very appealingly at L'Etoile. On the other hand, I am never truly hungry after two courses. I opted for peaches soaked in lemon juice, and they tasted fresh and bracing after the wine.

The wine had been too potent for me to go on to brandy, which was a pity. I began to get sleepy over the coffee, and, strong and black as it was, it became obvious that what I needed was first some fresh air, and, second, home and bed. So we paid the bill and went. Very regretfully.

Going out, I suddenly knew what the place reminded me of. A transport café, a good pull-up for car men, was what it all looked like. A *very* good pull-up for car men.

Selective guide compiled by Neil Rhind, Editorial Manager of the Good Food Guide. This week the selection is international.
CS—Closed Sundays.

TOP TEN

ENGLISH
Trafalgar Tavern, Park Row, Greenwich, SE10 **(GRE 2437).** Lunch 12-2.30, dinner 7-11. This house, which is near the Royal Naval College, right on the edge of the river, has been newly restored at great expense and has suitably naval decor. The bars are named after famous admirals; it has been done rather well. One part of the menu is entitled "Old English" and has a wide range of traditional national dishes with an emphasis on fish. Soups from 3s 6d, many ways with lobster, sole, turbot, plaice and salmon. Luncheon specialities include more meats: game pie, roast sucking pig, braised quail and jugged hare. Main dishes about 10s 6d to 21s. Carafe wines 14s (7s a half); wine by the goblet 3s

FRENCH
Au Fin Bec 100 Draycott Avenue, SW3 **(KNI 3600).** Lunch 12.30-2.30, dinner 7.30-11. C.S. If you have strong objections to seeing your food being prepared and cooked, then this small French restaurant is not for you, for only a green glass window is between you and the kitchen. The 12s 6d *table d'hôte* at lunch is good value; the *à la carte* is limited to their own specialities (ask them what's on): *oeufs Benedictine* (5s 6d), *sole Grand Duc* (14s 6d), *suprême de volaille à l'Estragon* (14s 6d) and other things have been "on" in the recent past. A short, well-chosen wine list: carafes 18s, 9s 6d the half; by the glass 4s 6d

GREEK
The White Tower, 1 Percy Street, W1 **(MUS 8141).** Lunch 12.45-2.30, dinner 6.45-11. C.S. The White Tower has long been one of London's most distinguished restaurants. Its menu is mostly Greek, and it is this type of food you must eat here. *Taramasalata, avgolemono,* stuffed vine leaves *(dolmades),* for the hors d'oeuvre; for a main course *moussaka* 21s 6d but enormous), *pilaff des fruits de mer* (24s 6d), or *shashlik* at the same price. The atmosphere is most agreeable and customers are never hurried, whatever the time of day. Large, well-chosen wine list: Greek house wine 21s; carafes 22s 6d

HUNGARIAN
Hungarian Csárda, 77 Dean Street, W1 **(GER 1261 and 4294).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-11. C.S. This long-established Hungarian restaurant boasts a number of dishes on its menu that you probably won't be able to get elsewhere in London—at least not very often. Smoked sturgeon (7s 6d), hare in cream sauce (9s 6d), roast sucking pig with the proper appurtenances (10s 6d) and *sholent* with *rindskamm.* The goulash and cream cheese pancakes are very good. Long wine list with a number of Hungarian wines; carafes (7s) and by the glass (Tokay 3s 6d)

INDIAN
Shah Restaurant, 124 Drummond Street, NW1 **(EUS 1480).** Meals served from noon to 11 pm. Shah's has been most people's favourite Indian restaurant, at some time or

the other, for what seems like donkey's years. It is still not very prepossessing, still cheap, and still a favourite with Indian students who want a nostalgic whiff of home cooking. There is the usual range of curries between 2s 6d and 8s 6d of which the prawn curry (5s), Persian *pulaos* (7s 6d and 8s 6d) or the mutton *vindaloo* (a killer, 4s 6d) are good eating. They will fetch wine, if you want

ITALIAN
Tiberio Restaurant, 22 Queen Street, W1 **(MAY 3561-3).** Lunch 12-3. No lunch Sat. Dinner 7-midnight. C.S. The food here is better than at most restaurants in Rome, and the prices are in keeping with the extremely elegant, modern decor. Artichoke soufflé (12s 6d), *tagliatelle* (11s 6d) to start with; whole duck braised in honey and curaçao (50s for two), or quails cooked on a spit with Roman salad (29s 6d) are very good. Long list of estate-bottled Italian wines, nothing under 27s 6d

KOSHER
Bloom's, 90 Whitechapel High Street, Whitechapel, E1 **(BIS 6001).** Meals from 11 am-10 pm M-Th; 11-1 pm F; 11-midnight Sun; closed Sat. Kosher food doesn't begin and end with salt beef though this is one of the dishes you ought to try at this bustling and cheerful restaurant. Bloom's is probably the best place in London for stuffed *kishka* (6s), and *cholent* (a sort of casserole with meat dumplings, 9s 6d). Sweet and sour cabbage and the *latkas* (fried potato cakes) are rather nice. There are no bookings and it gets crowded, so go early and take your own wine

INTERNATIONAL
Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, W1 **(MAY 8888).** Lunch 12.30-3, dinner 6.30-12 (Grill Room), 6-1.30 (Terrace Room). Terrace Room closed Sun. How small the Dorchester looks against the modern glass and concrete giants towering nearby, but how much better the food is compared to that served in the new monoliths. The Terrace Room and Grill have similar menus, though the former offer specialities which are cooked at your table. It also boasts a 12-piece band. You need only spend about £7 for a 3-course dinner for two at the Dorchester, and have a bottle of champagne as well

VEGETARIAN
Cranks' Salad Table, 22 Carnaby Street, W1 **(GER 9431).** Meals served continuously from 10 am to 8.30 pm. Closed Sat and Sun. For those who buy their clothes in Carnaby Street, and even for those who don't, Cranks' pure foods restaurant is a splendid place for lunch. All vegetarian: home-made soups, fresh and imaginative salads (a selection from 3s 6d to 6s 6d), and an excellent selection of cheeses. Some rather original sweets and cakes. Dandelion as well as Cona coffee, and though some of the other drinks have strange names, none is alcoholic. You should be able to eat quite well for 7s 6d. Afterthoughts: tipping is discouraged and the tinned music isn't pop

WINE
Café Royal, 68 Regent Street, W1 **(WHI 2473).** Dinner 6-12. Grill room closed Sun.) Frank Harris, that notorious journalist, declared the wine list here to be the "best on earth." The current list is very long, very complete and not wildly dear: 32 champagnes, some in 8-bottle sized Methuselahs (!); 74 clarets, mostly château-bottled; 55 Burgundies, and so on. You must see, and taste, for yourself. There are ordinaires from 21s to start with. International menu with main dishes from 10s 6d to 18s 6d

AROUND TOWN

CHINESE
Richmond Rendezvous, 1 Paradise Road, Richmond **(RIC 5114).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-11.30. The management at the Rendezvous claim their restaurant to be the only truly authentic Peking-style eating place in London. So go here not for the more ordinary dishes which appear on every Chinese menu in London, but for the regional specialities: hot-sour soup (2s 6d), shrimps Peking-style with crispy rice and tomato sauce (10s 6d), crabmeat with asparagus (10s 6d), and abalone with bamboo-shoots and Chinese mushrooms (8s). Food kept warm on hotplates. Licensed: wine by the glass 2s 6d. Three sorts of tea, 1s

ENGLISH
Anchor Tavern, 1 Bankside, SE1 **(HOP 1577).** Lunch 12.30, dinner 6-11. This is an old pub overlooking the river, and because of its antiquity and appearance it is much frequented by tourists. In a restaurant on the ground floor there is plain cooking and a smallish menu of grills and such: mixed grill (11s 6d) or pork chops (9s 6d) for example. Main dishes include potatoes and a garnish. On Tuesdays there is a most delicious Queen's Pudding. Usual pub drinks with a short, not excessively priced wine list. You must wait in the downstairs bar while your table is prepared
Massey's Chop House, 38 Beauchamp Place, SW3 **(KEN 4856 and KNI 4270).** C.S. Lunch 12.30-2.30, dinner 6.30-11. A small steak house offering steaks, chops and chickens cooked on a charcoal grill. The home-made *pâté*, chump chop (12s), fillet steak (18s) and T-bone (30s for 2) are reliable eating. Service friendly and attentive. Small wine list; by the glass 4s
Nag's Head, 10 James Street, WC2 **(TEM 4678).** Lunch 12-2.30, dinner 5.30-11. C.S. This famous pub, with its theatrical decor, near Covent Garden, starts dinner early enough for you to dine before the opera. If you tell them what time the curtain goes up they will try to feed you in time. The food is plain: sole, trout, duck, chicken and grills from about 6s to 15s. Beer on tap: wine by the glass 3s. Not an outstanding place, but very useful
Viking Restaurant, 52 Church Street, Edmonton, N9 **(EDM 2555).** Meals from 9 am-11.30 pm. C.S. The Viking, in spite of its name, has nothing to do with Norsemen in horned helmets—it is basically British, and has been run by the Camerons for more than a quarter of a century. Among the plainer dishes are steak and kidney pie (4s 6d), veal in rosemary (8s), and Scotch steak with veg (14s); but for a change try soused trout (4s 6d), turbot, and curried prawns with saffron rice (6s 6d). Wines by the glass 2s 6d

DANISH
Dania Restaurant, 293-5 Railton Road, SE24 **(BRI 9163).** Meals from midday to 11. C.S. There are few enough Scandinavian restaurants in this country, so even when one of those few isn't entirely Danish, but tends to offer chips with everything, it is still worth mentioning. Stick to the national dishes: *gaffelbittar* (3s), *hakkebof* (11s), chicken Silkeborg (12s 6d), or the *frikadeller* with special red cabbage (9s 6d). They do a Danish applecake with cream for 2s 9d, which is very good for sweet. Wines from 16s 6d, by the glass 3s 6d; Danish lagers, and *aquavit* (3s 6d) more sensible drinking

FRENCH
L'Aiglon, 44 Old Church Street, SW3 **(FLA 8650).** Lunch 12-2.30 (M-F only), dinner 6.30-11.30 pm (Sun 6.30-11). This is a quiet, friendly place run by two actors, which must make it the archetypal Chelsea restaurant. The food is vaguely French and very good things to eat here are the *potage l'Aiglon* (2s), devilled kidneys (9s 6d), *ratatouille*, and endive Mornay (8s 6d). The wine list is well-chosen and cheap; even the Margaux '59 is only 16s 6d, wines by the glass 3s
Petit Montmartre, 15 Marylebone Lane, W1 **(WEL 5002).** Lunch 12-3 (M-F only), dinner 6.30-11.15. The Petit Montmartre tries a bit too hard to create a genuine French atmosphere, and unnecessarily, because the food is good and an advertisement in itself. The *pâté de foie maison* (7s 6d), *artichauts St Malo* (8s 6d), *cassoulet Toulousaine* (12s 6d), *noisettes d'agneau Susanne* (14s 6d) and *filets de sole Bréval* (in wine, mushrooms, tomatoes and shallots, 15s 6d) are just a few things on a distinctive menu. Licensed: carafes about 16s; wine by the glass 4s. Guitarist

GREEK
Akropolis, 34 Charlotte Street, W1 **(MUS 2289).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6-11.30 C.S. The Akropolis (which moved from Percy Street) has a long, international and dear menu, but it is the Greek dishes on the back of the *carte* which have given it its reputation. *Melitzames Imam Bayaldi* (aubergines stuffed with onions etc. 6s 6d), *kebab* (15s 6d), *souvlakia* (15s 6d), and the elaborate *moussaka Akropolis* (15s 6d) are all reliable and authentic specialities. You must be prepared to wait a little for their cooking. Greek sweets 3s. Licensed: carafes 18s
Noufaro Restaurant, 187 Chiswick High Road, W4 **(TUR 9870).** Mr Lymbouris. Dinner 6-11. C.S. The Noufaro specialises in mid-Oriental cuisine; as the proprietor is a Greek-Cypriot it is not very surprising that his national dishes can be found on the menu. Stuffed aubergines (9s 6d), stuffed vine-leaves (10s 6d), *afelia* (pork in wine, 8s 6d), and for sweet, *galadoboureko* (1s 6d). The waiters are in national costume; after 10 guitarists sing Greek songs. Licensed: Greek and Cyprus wines from 12s or so, by the glass from 2s

ITALIAN
Bertorelli's, 23 Shepherd's Bush Green, W12 **(SHE 2662).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 5.30-10. C.S. and M evening. This is a friendly, inexpensive and old-fashioned place, like its parent restaurant in Charlotte Street. The food is Italian and the menu is long: *ravioli bolognese* (4s 6d), *osso buco* (7s 9d), veal with peppers (8s 9d) and the jugged hare are some of their best dishes. The service is friendly and unhurried. Chianti in carafe 16s; by the glass 2s to 3s. An oasis in the desert of Shepherd's Bush
Gran Sasso, 189a High Street, Beckenham, Kent **(BEC 0593).** Lunch 12-2.30; dinner 6-11 (Sat lunch 12-3; Sun dinner 7-10.30). This is good by London standards—it is extraordinary by Beckenham's. An Italian place with good pastas and a number of specialities from about 4s 6d to 12s 6d. About 30 Italian wines from about 16s; by the glass 2s 6d
Spaghetti House, 15 Goodge Street, W1 **(LAN 4578).** Lunch 11.30-3, dinner 5.30-11.30. Sun, dinner only 6-11. This four-storey Italian restaurant is from the same stable as the Pizza House and the Zia Teresa mentioned in earlier lists. The value is remarkably good and the standard consistently high. Its lower floors are slightly cheaper and serve the predictable range of *pastas, pizza,* and the like; upstairs there are more classical things and unusual regional dishes like the escalope cooked with wine, sultanas, almonds and orange. Main dishes about 6s to 9s 6d. Licensed: carafes of Chianti 12s 6d

RUSSIAN
Chez Luba, 137 Cromwell Road, SW7 **(FRE 0200).** Lunch 12.30-3, dinner 6-midnight. This, as well as being one of the most expensive, can be one of the best East European restaurants in London, particularly when the proprietor is on hand to see that all is well. The *bortsch, blinis, kulibayka de saumon* and the *shashlik Caucasienne* are recommended; the vegetables are rather dear. Main dishes about 14s to 20s. There is accordion music, and Niki sometimes sings. Good vodka, naturally

SWISS
Edelweiss, 15 Eccleston Street, SW1 **(SLO 6922).** Lunch 12-2.30, dinner 6.30-11.30. London's only Swiss restaurant and the most sensible place to go for the classic Helvetian dish—*fondue.* They do *fondue maison* (the cheese one, 30s for 2) and *fondue Bourguignonne* (scraps of steak cooked by you in boiling oil and dipped in piquant sauces, 34s for 2). The rest of the menu is vaguely French, and not dear. A nice clean place with friendly service; you sit in small alcoves and dine by candlelight. Licensed: Swiss wines from 17s 6d (Neuchâtel); by the glass 2s 6d

INTERNATIONAL
Ealing Technical College Catering School, St Mary's Road, W5 **(EAL 0162).** Lunch M to F only, during term time. This is not a commercial enterprise; it is a practical demonstration of the lessons the students of the Catering School have learnt in the classroom. A 3-course lunch costs as little as 7s 6d (4-course 10s), and its range and quality will depend on the academic level reached by the class being taught that day. Remember you are acting as a guinea-pig and forgive the occasional mistake in the service. It is necessary to book
Pastoria Hotel, St Martin's Street, WC2 **(WHI 8641).** Lunch 12-3, dinner 6.30-midnight. C.S. This hotel is tucked away behind the south side of Leicester Square and it is surprising that so few people have heard of it, for it is a very useful place for after-theatre dinners. *Pâté maison* (4s 6d), vichyssoise (3s 6d), *cannelloni Sicilienne* (8s 6d), *rognos turbigo* (13s 6d) and their very good steak Diane (14s 6d) are well worth trying. Licensed: wines not cheap, but some below £1

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NIGHT LIFE

A selective guide to the London night clubs and discotheques

DINNER & DANCE

Allegro, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 6767). 8.30 pm-2.30 am. Dinner £2 7s 6d. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 3 bands, cabaret, Margo Henderson

Astor, Berkeley Square, W1 (GRO 2366). 10 pm-4 am. Closed Sunday. One-hour cabaret, 1 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. No entrance fee but minimum food charge £ 1s. Whisky and gin 5s a measure. *Entertainment:* Two bands, cabaret till 12 February, Milou Duchamp, Barry O'Dond, Little Linda Lou; from 14 February, Steve Martin, Stella Star

Blue Angel, 14 Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 1443). Bar opens 6.30 pm, restaurant-cabaret room opens 10 pm, cabaret at 1 am. Annual membership 3 guineas, cover charge 5s a head after 11 pm. Short grills menu about 25s a head. Drinks at saloon bar prices with slight increase after 11 pm. *Entertainment:* Cabaret at 1 am till 12 February, The Shangaans, Tim Connor, Annie Verrière; from 14 February, The Chumps. Dancing to two bands from 10.15. Gambling: blackjack and roulette, stakes 2s 6d to £5. No hostesses, members must be partnered

Celebrity, 17 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7636). Dancing 10 pm-4 am. No membership fees, no cover charge. In Lounge no minimum charge. In Show Room £2 minimum a head plus 12½ per cent. service charge (the £2 to be spent on food and/or drink). *Entertainment:* Racing on films, Vive les Girls revue and cabaret, 11.15-1.15. Currently, till 12 February: Suzi Miller, Jackie, Farn; from 14 February, Terri King, Brian Freeman, Ivor Meggido Dancers, Freddie Stafford Orchestra with Jo Marney

Eve, 189 Regent Street, W1 (REG 0879). 9 pm-4 am. Entrance 30s members and guests, annual membership 1 guinea. *A la carte* menu about 35s a head plus wine. Whisky by the bottle about £5 (they'll keep it till next time). Whisky 4s 6d a measure. *Entertainment:* Floor-show, two bands, 10.30 and 1 am

L'Hirondelle, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 0362). 6 pm-4 am; 12-3 pm lunch. Shows at 2 pm, 10.30 pm, 1.30 am. Three-course dinner, dance, show. 55s (Sat £3). Wine about £2-£2 10s; whisky 4s 6d a measure. *Entertainment:* Floor-show, two bands, hostesses. Currently, Johnnie Lee

Omar Khayyam, 50 Cannon Street, EC4 (CIT 2660 and 7363). Midday to 3 pm and 6 pm to 2 am. No membership fee. *A la carte* menu about £2 per head, plus wines. Service charge 10 per cent. Whisky, sold by miniature, 8s 6d. Middle Eastern and Continental menu with selection of 30 to 35 *hors d'oeuvres.* *Entertainment:* Dancing 8 pm to 2 am. Cabaret and Belly Dancing at 9.30 pm and 12. No parking problems in the City at night Françoise Hardy

Savoy Restaurant, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4343). 8 pm to 2 am. Cabaret at midnight. Dinner, dance and cabaret 52s 6d excluding coffee and wine, or *à la carte.* *Entertainment:* **Talk of the Town.** Theatre Restaurant, Hippodrome Corner, Leicester Square, WC2 (REG 5051). Cocktail Lounge open 7.30 pm. Theatre-Restaurant from 8.15 pm-1.15 am. No membership fee. Inclusive charge for three-course dinner, dancing and show 57s 6d. Extras: coffee, drinks and tips. South African hock £1 0s 6d. All else from 25s. Whisky 6s 6d a large measure. *Entertainment:* Spectacular floor-show 9.30 pm, international cabaret star 11. Currently: Cliff Richard and The Shadows, till 28 February

GAMING

Blenheim, 4 Blenheim Street, W1 (HYD 2071). Midday-3 pm; 5.30 pm onwards. Bar closes at 11 pm. Membership compulsory 1 guinea. Mainly poker and a little blackjack, one table. Limits 2s 6d till midnight and 5s afterwards. Sandwich machine, food can be brought in

Crockford's, 16 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (WHI 1131). Bridge starts at 2.30 pm, 2s-£1 a 100; poker 5 pm, 10s-£4 a game; chemin de fer 9 pm blackjack 10 pm. Closes when play ends. Membership 8 guineas. Out-of-town residents, 4 guineas, overseas members 3 guineas. Bridge, chemin de fer, kalooki, poker and roulette. Limits vary. Restaurant and bar

New Casanova, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1463). Opens 10 pm. Membership 2 guineas a year. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette and chemin de fer. Minimum stake about 10s

Pair of Shoes, 21 Hertford Street, W1 (HYD 1801). Open 7.30 pm for dinner and gaming at 10 pm. Membership 10 guineas. Blackjack, roulette, craps and chemin de fer. No limit stud poker. Stakes go high, min 5s. Bar and dinners

Palm Beach Club, 30 Berkeley Street, W1 (HYD 6585). Opens 5 pm till dawn. Membership £1. Baccarat, chemin de fer, blackjack, roulette, dice, American roulette. Stakes vary, 5s upwards. Luxurious restaurant and bar adjoining gaming rooms. Three-course dinner 25s, four-course dinner 35s

21 Residential Club, 8 Chesterfield Gardens, W1 (GRO 3233). From approximately 8 pm until play ends. Membership compulsory, 5 guineas a year. Blackjack, chemin de fer, baccarat. Stakes vary, roulette minimum 5s. Dinner and dance in Elizabethan restaurant 45s. Normal club licensing hours

River Club Casino, 129 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (VIC 1621). Bar opens 5.30 pm, closes about 12.30 am. Gambling can start at 5.30 but warms up about 11. Last dinner served 1 am. Membership for club and restaurant 8 guineas a year, 5 guineas for out-of-town residents, 2 guineas for temporary membership. Membership, excluding the restaurant, 5 guineas. Blackjack, roulette, American roulette, craps, and chemin de fer. Restaurant membership covers the bar

Sporting Club, Knightsbridge, 163 Knightsbridge, SW7 (KNI 4252). Club opens 3 pm and closes normally at 3 am but may be later, depending on state of play. Bar has normal licensing hours. Membership 3 guineas a year. Sundays an inclusive charge of £1 for champagne buffet; all buffet tickets sold are eligible for raffle the following Wednesday for prize to the value of £100. Blackjack 10s-£50, chemin de fer, table charge £3, maximum opening bank £15, maximum bank £200. American roulette, min stake 2s, max £50. American dice, min £1, max £50. Baccarat, min £2, max £250; à Cheval £500. Roulette 2s-£100. Restaurant opens 7 pm, breakfast from 1 am. Lunch 12-3 pm (bar open), 21s for 3-course meal including wine. Temporary membership may be arranged

The Victoria Sporting Club, 150/162 Edgware Road, W2 (AMB 2467). 2 pm-5 am. Membership £3 a year. Table fees. Baccarat, backgammon, bridge, blackjack, chemin de fer, dice, gin rummy, kalooki, poker, roulette, and trente et quarante. Minimum stakes from 5s to £1, maximum from £50 to £600. Restaurant and bar

DISCOTHEQUES

Black Angus, 101 Edgware Road, W2 (AMB 2913). Hours 12 noon to 3 pm, 5.30 pm to 2 am. Prices *à la carte* only 25s-30s a head. Drinks: wine carafe 18s, whisky 3s. No service charge. Cover charge 2s. Discothèque dancing. Licence to 2 am

Chalet Suisse, 74 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 0036 and LAN 3625). 7.30 pm to 1.30 am including Sunday. Membership 1 guinea. Entrance fee from 5s weekdays to 10s weekends. Dinner approximately £1 a head. Spirits 3s. Beer 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* discothèque dancing, blackjack, roulette

Club Concorde, 37/39 Oxford Street, W1 (GER 7945). 7.30 pm to midnight every night except Monday. Annual membership: 10s gentlemen, 5s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d to 8s 6d. No food, popular prices. *Entertainment:* discothèque dancing, roulette

Dolly's, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1 (GRO 5927). 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sunday. Annual membership 5 guineas. No entrance fee. Cover charge 1 guinea, includes first drink. Whisky, sold by miniature, 10s. Wines 36s. Steaks, salads and Danish specialities 12s 6d. Special breakfast from 3 am

Fanny's Bistro, 51 Maddox Street, W1 (MAY 6214). 7.30 pm till 3 pm. Non-membership cover charge 2s 6d. After 10.30 pm minimum charge 1 guinea which includes light supper dish and 4 drinks. Full *à la carte* dinner menu. Drinks at pub prices. *Entertainment:* Discothèque dancing

The In-Place, 2 Allsop Place, NW1 (HUN 1873). 9 pm till 4 am every night except Sundays. Annual membership 3 guineas. Entrance and first drink 25s, thereafter 5s. *Entertainment:* gambling, discothèque

The 007, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). 6.30 pm-2 am. No entrance fee. Service charge 12½ per cent. Minimum food charge after 11 pm 10s 6d. Light supper from 11 pm from 13s 6d. Whisky 6s. Goldfinger cocktail 7s. Discothèque and a band from 9 am

Scotch of St James's, 13 Mason's Yard, Duke Street, SW1 (TRA 6109). 10 pm-4 am. Annual membership 5 guineas. Entrance 10s members; 15s guests. Grills menu about £1 a head till 3.30 am. Drinks, single 5s: miniature 10s. *Entertainment:* Resident group, impromptu performances by famous clientele, cabaret

Milou Duchamp currently in cabaret at the Astor Club.

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

Annabel's, 44 Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 3558). 6.30 pm for drinks till late. Food from 7.45 pm. Annual membership 12 guineas; temporary or under-25 membership 5 guineas. Dinner, dancing, about £6-£7 a head. Whisky 10s 6d double. Cover for dancing and drinking only 17s 6d. Discothèque, late dining club

Beachcomber, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777), 5.30 pm-1.30 am. Minimum charge 30s a head in the restaurant. No entrance fee to bar. Dinner from 6.30 pm-midnight, £2 to £2 10s a head. Cocktails from 7s. Wines from 21s to £3. *Entertainment:* Three bands from 8 pm-1.30 am. Three vocalists and currently one Hawaiian who entertains once during the evening with a dance

Four Hundred, 28 Leicester Square, WC2 (WHI 1813). 7 pm till 3 am. Annual membership 10 guineas. Dinner (served till 1 am) approximately 5?s per head plus wine. Drinks 5s 6d, after 10.30: 10s 6d. *Entertainment:* Currently dancing to The Conrads and The Gary Moore Trio

Grosvenor House Restaurant, Park Lane, W1 (GRO 6363). 12.30 pm-3 pm; 7.30 pm-1 am. Open every day. Lunch: *table d'hôte* 27s 6d. Dinner: *table d'hôte* 32s 6d. Wines from 15s to £3. Whisky 3s 3d. Service charge 12½ per cent. Cover charge on *à la carte* menu only 2s. *Entertainment:* Dancing from 8 pm-1 am, excluding Sunday, to the Sydney Lipton Band

Hatchetts, 67 Piccadilly, W1 (HYD 1804 and 1871). Bars: 11-3 pm; 5-11 pm. Restaurant: midday-3 pm. 6.30 pm-2 am. Lunch and dinner *à la carte* only from 18s to £3. Wines—all by Grant's of St James from 21s to £4. Normal bar prices in the bars, but an increase of about 3d on spirits in the restaurant. Cover charge 2s. No service charge. *Entertainment:* Dancing to a band from 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Currently: The Don Riddell Four

Roof Restaurant, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). Roof bar: midday-3 pm. Restaurant: 12.30-3 pm; 7.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sunday. *A la carte* only £4 a head with wine. Whisky 6s. Cover charge 12s 6d. Service charge 12½ per cent. French cuisine. *Entertainment:* Dancing in the evenings only to Judd Solo and his band. Decor by Sir Hugh Casson. The restaurant has a magnificent view over London

21 Club, 8 Chesterfield Gardens, W1 (GRO 3233). 12-3 pm; dinner 7 pm-1 am. No lunch opening Saturday. Cabaret at 10.30 pm. Currently: Andreas and his Tzigane Music. Annual membership 5 guineas. Dinner-dance and cabaret 45s. Business lunch 30s. *Entertainment:* Dinner-dance, gambling (roulette, chemin de fer, blackjack, baccarat)

Villa Dei Cesari, 135 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (TAT 7453/VIC 9872). Open every day except Monday 7.30 pm-2.30 am. Also Sunday lunch. One of the best river views in London. Speciality Roman food. Dinner for two about £5-£6. Full wine list, carafes from 19s 6d. Dancing to 2 bands until early hours

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BOOKS

On 14 February Hutchinson's New Authors Limited adds another title to its list: Archie Hind's *The Dear Green Place*, a description of Glasgow working class life with a self-doubting central character, Mat, a writer who feels he may be "the tree that never grew. . . ."

Founded in 1957 by Robert Lusty, the aim of New Authors is "to reconcile the difficulties and frustration of the new writer with something of importance to say with the harsh economic climate of publishing as it is today." The company is run on a basis of profit-sharing by its authors. An estimated 5,000 manuscripts have been sent in, about one in every 100 is published. With six titles in preparation for this year, and their half-century passed, it seemed a good time to ask for the publisher's verdict on "new writers."

First of all, there are too many novels. Nearly all first-timers seem to submit a thinly veiled autobiographical novel. Whereas some of these are outstandingly good, they are anxious to encourage more non-fiction—in the vein of Rosemary Millington's *A Nation of Trees*, which is an imaginative, lucid description of the life of a governess in Australia's outback.

They are anxious to encourage more Commonwealth writers, and have introduced four West Indians to date, notably Denis Williams, who wrote *Other Leopards*. There have been too many purely regional novels, set in England, and too many with a working-class chip on their shoulder.

I was told that writers have very largely lost the capacity to sustain a narrative, and that the great problem with new authors is one of form. First novels are long—but length is preferred. The problem is that as well as freshness and originality, there is a need for writers with something to say, and construction is indispensable. "If you break form you can get away with the disciplines, and writing becomes a montage, snipping, not creating," says a director of the firm.

Of the 50 new authors published by the firm, 22 have written second and some third books. A favourite discovery has been Maureen Duffy, a writer of range and originality. Her first book was an account of her early childhood during the war, her second had a male photographer as the central character, and her third novel, to be published this year, is about a lesbian world. This is the sort of writer that New Authors exists to find.

carole d'albiac

TOP FIVE

1 Imagination Dead Imagine by Samuel Beckett. 2 Mrs Stevens Hears the Mermaids Singing by May Sarton. 3 The Cold Country by Jennifer Dawson. 4 The Savage State by Georges Conchon. 5 Who killed Marilyn Monroe? (or Cage to catch our Dreams) by Charles Hamblett.

The Hollywood society that governed Monroe's life and tragic death are investigated in "Who Killed Marilyn Monroe?" published this week by Leslie Frewin

NOVELS

Mrs Stevens Hears The Mermaids Singing by May Sarton. Hilary Stevens is just under 70 years old, as ready to be involved with people as if she were a girl, and has won recognition for her poetry late in life. She has long, ironic conversations with herself. Two journalists interview her, to discover the influence of her past on her writing. Published by Peter Owen on 17 Feb, 25s

The Cold Country by Jennifer Dawson. Dickie is the Cabinet Minister's bastard. He was brought up by his mother, far away from the sleek hair and confident voices of his father's legitimate daughters. He longs for invitations to visit Duffyn, their country mansion. He surveys people with a cold and critical eye, writes poems which begin "I am drawn" or "I am called", and is surprised if people pity him. He tries to find warmth in a group of Bohemian friends, in a job, in love. Published by Anthony Blond on 14 Feb, 25s

The Savage State by Georges Conchon. The eternal triangle retold—but the civilisation and social equilibrium of a young republic in Equatorial Africa collapse under its strain. A French Unesco official on his first mission to Africa finds his wife, who left him two years earlier, living with a member of the African government. There is racial tension on both sides, and this is the light to the fire. George Conchon was invited to organise the Legislative Assembly of the new Central African Republic in 1958—he returned from Africa disillusioned. The novel was awarded the Prix Goncourt in 1964 and was translated from the French by Peter Fryer. Published by Collins on 14 Feb, 21s

The Fortunate Pilgrim by Mario Puzo. Life in the Italian-American community of New York during the Depression and early war years. A family dominated by the wife and mother who adheres entirely to the Catholic, Italian way of life. But her children and her second husband refuse to follow suit. Published by Heinemann on 14 Feb, 30s

Our London Office by Thomas Armstrong. An addition to the Crowther saga—the scene moves from West Riding to London, when Charles Crowther decides to set up his own cosmetic business. He becomes involved with a girl called Lal—also from the North. Published on 14 Feb, 25s

Karoton by George Faludy. Set in Alexandria at the beginning of the fourth century A.D., when Christianity was first ruthlessly persecuted and then, under Constantine, made the state religion. Niphetodes is a young patrician, called Karoton because of his red hair, with a taste for martyrdom and at the centre of all the intrigues. Colourful cast includes the Emperor Daja, with six shivering virgins to await his pleasure. Published by Eyre & Spottiswoode on 17 Feb, 25s

A Sane And Able Man by Michael Standen. The hero is a teacher at an Essex grammar school: hence staff-room jealousies, the problem of Illusion, love among the amateur dramatics. Published by Heinemann on 14 Feb, 21s

SHORT STORIES

At Night All Cats Are Grey by Patrick Boyle. Savagery—found in suburbia or beside a remote mountain lake. Published by Macgibbon & Kee on 14 Feb, 25s

BIOGRAPHY AND COLLECTED WORK

Bernard Shaw's Ready Reckoner edited by N H Leigh-Taylor. A lifelong Shavian has collected together Shaw's ideas on different subjects under the headings poverty, Christianity, crime and punishment, democracy, capitalism, riches, Socialism, human relations, education. It is intended as a useful guide for "Mr Everyman, conditioned by the present trend toward capsulisation of the thoughts of the great". Published by Peter Owen on 17 Feb, 30s

Who Killed Marilyn Monroe? (Or: "Cage to Catch Our Dreams") by Charles Hamblett. The cage is Hollywood—the book is 41 interview sequences with the people who made it great, among them Elizabeth Taylor, Caroll Baker, Samuel Goldwyn and "the man with the golden arm"—"What happened to it all, sir, do you know? The early glory, Garbo alone in a swimpool at dawn . . .?" Published by Leslie Frewin on 15 February, 30s

HISTORY

The Norman Conquest, by Dorothy Whitelock, David Douglas, Charles Lemmon & Frank Barlow. Four specialists of the period on the Conquest discuss: the range of Anglo-Saxon culture before the Conquest; the character and career of William the Conqueror; the campaign of 1066 and the results of the conquest. Published by Eyre & Spottiswoode on 17 February, 21s (10s 6d in paperback)

DISCS

Currently there is a debate in the pop world about how much a singer—more especially a group of singers—should perform. At the one extreme is, say, Bill Haley and his Comets; one of the Comets used to (for all I know still does, unless he killed himself) play the double bass while standing on it.

At the other extreme, Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames. Georgie's biggest exertion is to lean forward from the seat where he plays his Hammond organ, as if to swallow his vocal mike: once there, he stays. Meanwhile, his Blue Flames mostly shut their eyes and think about the beauty of rhythm and blues.

This second method may be the more authentic, but it drives such people as television producers up the wall. Give us something visual, they say. Ah, goes the reply, music is supposed to be heard but not seen; gimmicks are for Frankie Vaughan.

Andrew Loog (No, please don't call me a genius) Oldham, who manages the Rolling Stones, is a firm believer that pop singers can't be produced, and shouldn't. "There's an honesty about the best pop. It's only come in the last two years, and it's because kids who are basically just amateurs learn music first of all."

I suppose this about ties up with the career of Mick Jagger, who after all is really called Mick Jagger and who would tell anybody trying to produce his act to go and. . . . But for all that, his stage act is very different now from three years ago at the Craw Daddy club in Richmond. Then there were the beginnings of the extraordinary clap and shuffle he uses to punctuate his songs; and certainly an undirected contempt for his audience. But nowadays this has blossomed into an unequalled routine.

One of the shrewdest managers of new pop, Kit Lambert, believes this is the only way to make production work. The son of Constant Lambert, the composer and conductor, he looks after The Who and the Merseybeats. Almost without letting them know what he is doing, he has encouraged The Who to develop not just their guitar-busting act, but to become individually recognisable characters—moody one, boyish one, nice one, enigmatic one. "But you can't *tell* them what to do," he says. "I spent literally months with one group, trying to give them the kind of projection you'd expect from any amateur actor. It couldn't be done. On the whole it's better to let them work something out for themselves, or they never feel confident doing it."

leonard levesley

RECORD REVIEW BY CHRIS FARLOWE

Chris Farlowe, born in Essex, is 24. His main interests until the age of 13 when he took up the guitar were mainly music, sport—particularly boxing—and engineering. Chris formed The Thunderbirds and played semi-professionally until 1962. Then he met Rik Gunnell who runs the Flamingo, and they began playing there regularly. At this point Chris left his job and turned professional. He is now planning an LP after considerable success with his new single called Think, and also his recent EP In The Midnight Hour, on which he is joined by Keith Richard of The Rolling Stones as opposed to The Thunderbirds. In The Midnight Hour is a Wilson Pickett number.

My Name Is Barbra. Barbra Streisand (CBS BPG 62534). My man. Someone to watch over me. If you were the only boy in the world. Why did I choose you. I've got no strings. My Pa. My name is Barbra. A kid again I'm five. Where is the wonder. Jenny Rebecca. I can see it. Sweet Zoo.

I never heard of Barbra until I saw her on TV. She's not overrated, but you must be a singer to understand her.

Tony Bennett at Carnegie Hall (Part I) (CBS BPG 62116). Lullaby of Broadway. Just in time. All the things you are. Stranger in Paradise. Love is here to stay. Climb ev'ry mountain. Ol' man river. It amazes me. Firefly. I left my heart in San Francisco. How about you. April in Paris. Solitude. I'm just a lucky so and so.

A terrific live LP with Bennett singing his heart out.

Tony Bennett at Carnegie Hall (Part II) (CBS BPG 62117). Always. Anything goes. Blue velvet. Rags to riches. Because of you. What good does it do. Lost in the stars. One for my baby. Lazy Afternoon. Sing you sinners. Love look away. Sometimes I'm happy. My heart tells me. De glory road.

Tony Bennett again with the second LP in the Carnegie Hall series, as great as the first.

Simone at Town Hall. Nina Simone (NLP 28014 Pye). Black is the colour of my true love's hair. Exactly like you. The other woman. Under the lowest. You can have him. Summertime (instrumental). Summertime (vocal). Cotton Eye Joe. Return Home. Wild is the wind. Fine and mellow.

To me she is the end in women singers. A really great singer who has so much soul and she's so nice to talk to.

James Brown 'Live' at the Appollo) (London HA 8184). I'll go crazy. Try me. Think. I don't mind. I lost someone. Please, please, please. You've got the power. I found someone. Why do you do me. I want you so bad. I love you yes I do. Why does everything happen to me. Bewildered. Please don't go. Night train.

A dynamic record—he must be great on stage.

Help! The Beatles (EMI PMC 1255). Help! The night before. You've got to hide your love away. I need you. Another girl. You're going to lose that girl. Ticket to ride. Act Naturally. It's only love. You like me too much. Tell me what you see. I've just seen a face. Yesterday. Dizzy Miss Lizzy.

What can I say about this except that it is a beautiful record.

The Second Album. The Spencer Davis Group (Fontana TL5295). Look Away. Keep on running. This hammer. Georgia on my mind. Please do something. Let me down Easy. Strong love. I washed my hands in muddy water. Since I met you baby. You must believe me. Hey Darling. Watch your step.

A great group and great guys. Stevie—a unique talent.

A Dance Album of Carl Perkins (London HA-S 2202). Blue suede shoes. Movie Magg. Sure to fall. Gone, gone, gone. Honey don't. Only you. Tennessee. Wrong yo yo. Everybody's trying to be my baby. Matchbox. Your true love. Boppin' the blues.

A tremendous rock and roll LP. One of the all-time greats in this field. Again a big influence on my young singing years.

Few Whiskies equal

"The Antiquary"

None Surpass it

"The Antiquary"
De Luxe
Old Scotch Whisky
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TELEVISION

The tall, thin bearded one is Ray Galton; Alan Simpson, the other half of the team, is sleek and bulky. Between them they handed millions of viewers to BBC television, on a platter called *Steptoe And Son*.

Simpson says, without conceit: "No, the BBC haven't asked us to give them another season of Steptoe. They don't have to. We know and they know that the BBC would be delighted to run the show 36 weeks a year." Then he adds flatly: "There are no plans for any more Steptoe scripts."

With a cinema film, a stage musical, and a revue due for release later this year, they can afford to kick television comedy in the teeth. In fact, they are doing no such thing.

For this month (22 February) their new series for Frankie Howerd starts on BBC 1.

Ray Galton tries to explain why they have gone off Steptoe: "It gets harder all the time. The characters have been well explored."

The situation has not been helped by several hundred Steptoe admirers who wrote in with suggestions.

"Some of the storylines were ridiculous," Simpson says clinically. "Others were very good. But we wouldn't use anybody else's ideas."

Galton strikes in. "Several people had Harold buying a lorry. It breaks down, and Albert comes to the rescue, towing the lorry back home with the horse."

He grins, a trifle crookedly.

Simpson sighs and pushes his lunch away. "We wrote it, years ago. Now we daren't use it—somebody would swear we'd pinched the plot. *That's* why we stick to our own things."

They like to know the men for whom they write, and Frankie Howerd is a friend.

"His show will be a mixture of styles," Simpson explains. "There will be situation comedy, but only brief flashes of it. Frankie has to communicate with the audience all the time, chat them, pull them in, reassure himself they are out there. Half an hour of situation would be no good for him. Even in the short sketches he breaks off to make comments."

He slips into a professionally economical impression of Howerd's wriggling, gawky confidences. *"Make meself cumfy . . . that's the way . . ."*

Says Galton, ruefully: "We're two weeks behind the absolute deadline for his scripts. But it's the best way to work—under pressure."

Despite their excursions into new country, the pressure will continue—and much of it will come from the BBC Television Centre, looking for Steptoe. . . .

peter magnus

Galton (left) and Simpson—from Steptoe to Frankie Howerd.

WEEKEND VIEWING

SAT 12 FEBRUARY

Grandstand. Racing from Wetherby; Rugby Union, England v. Ireland; and moto-cross. BBC 1

Nina and Frederick are the guest stars of *The Kathy Kirby Show*, together with comedian Dave Allen. BBC 1

Western Film *Last of the Americans* with Randolph Scott. Adventures of the legendary figure Hawk-Eye. BBC 1

Great Acting Series in which major actors discuss their start in the acting profession, incidents which led to their success and their views on acting. Sir John Gielgud talks to Derek Hart at the Phoenix Theatre and in the studio. BBC-2

Repeat of the last episode of Dostoevsky's *The Idiot* with David Buck. BBC-2

French Cinema presents *French Can-Can* directed by Jean Renoir. Jean Gabin plays the central figure and Edith Piaf and Patachou are guest stars. BBC 2

Mystery and Imagination series with David Buck as Richard Beckett in *The Fall of the House of Usher* by Edgar Allan Poe, adapted by David Campton. Also starring Susannah York as Madeleine Usher. An old friendship with Roderick Usher and the haunted beauty of his sister Madeleine lures Richard Beckett to witness the last terrible hours of their doomed and degenerate line. ITV 10.5 pm

Guest star on the Morecambe and Wise Show is Millicent Martin. ITV

Film. *The Enforcer* with Humphrey Bogart and Zero Mostel. It is the story of a district attorney who faces his greatest challenge when he has to save the one volunteer witness his underworld enemies have sworn to kill. ITV

SUN 13 FEBRUARY

Afternoon Film. *The Philadelphia Story* with Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart. Tracy Lord is preparing for her approaching society wedding when her former husband, now working for a spy magazine, arrives unexpectedly with a gentle blackmailing scheme. ITV

Evening Film. *The Savage.* A Paramount film made in 1952 starring Charlton Heston and Susan Morrow. ITV

Tempo Entertainers highlight different aspects of the world of the professional entertainer. This week it is the Buskers. ITV 2.15 pm

Theatre 625. *Kiss on a Grass Green Pillow* by Rhys Adrian. The title of the play is taken from a poem by Keats. Stars are Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, Susannah York and Zena Walker. Directed by Alan Cooke and produced by Cedric Messina. Harry and Lydia are entertaining their married friends. The men are socially and financially successful, their wives beautiful, but what happens to make them fight like dogs? BBC 2

Tonight in Person presenting music in the folk idiom—this week Carolyn Hester, singer and guitarist, who is considered one of the most versatile female folk singers. BBC 2

Sunday Night Series presents Gustav Holst, composer. BBC 1

Mississippi Gambler, with Tyrone Power, Piper Laurie, Julia Adams. Adventures of the Mississippi river-boat gambler whose deft hand with cards and the ladies leads him into trouble. BBC 1

SPORT

Chelsea for the Cup? Already it is a foregone conclusion in West London. Although the Queen's Elm pub is split over it – in deference to Fulham's demise, no doubt. Defeat breeds guilt in the beholders.

After that incredible Third Round victory over Liverpool at Anfield Road, Chelsea return to Stamford Bridge on Saturday to take on the other half of last year's Cup Final, Leeds United. I saw the Yorkshire side lose by the only goal to Chelsea earlier in the season when they deserved a draw. Yet Chelsea's team – who, even at the start of this season, one felt, should have been running round the greyhound track at their stadium rather than on the football pitch – are beginning to blend. A hesitant start has been changed into a successful sequence by the introduction of the 19-year-old Peter Osgood at centre forward.

Terry Venables, until recently club captain, told me some weeks ago that he thought Osgood should be put in England's World Cup squad. He explained: "It's no good putting a young player in the England side at the height of the competition. Everyone has nerves when they start playing at this level. Peter should be put in now so he can play a few games before the competition starts." Anyone who saw Osgood drift up the wing at Villa Park, beat four defenders and score, or saw his performance against Spurs will agree. Undoubtedly he is a natural. Barry Bridges must be feeling slightly chastened these days, and his manager, Mr Docherty, has beamed his elation at me over Osgood.

He will finally show, I trust, what a limited centre forward Alan Peacock of Leeds really is. Chelsea will also show that I should have tipped them for the Cup by winning this match, as well as beating AC Milan on Wednesday at home, in the Inter-Cities Fairs Cup.

Tottenham and West Ham – with Chelsea the only three London survivors in the competition – are also at home on Saturday. Spurs meet Burnley. I remember seeing them lose to Burnley in the Cup with the snow banked around White Hart Lane not so many years ago. Icicles hung even from the bar in an attempt to stop you getting at the whisky. . Burnley won. Luckily the cold numbed the effect. This time the Spurs should win. So too should West Ham over Blackburn. Their manager Ron Greenwood is a great strategist. He has nursed them through a depression. They may yet delight us again as at Wembley last year against Munich.

michael wale

Unluckily for Ian St John his book "Boom At The Kop" (Pelham Books, 25s.) appears at a moment when his club Liverpool have been banished from the FA Cup in their first attempt at defending the trophy. It is interesting when it deals with Scotland and his background, as well as a highly pop journalistic chapter given over to attacking the Scottish selectors. For the record St John does not mind if he never plays for Scotland again. The book could have benefited from more thought and subsequent depth. Just as the public are fed up with Fleet Street's cliché-crazed view of sport, so too surely will they ultimately tire of books like this – unless it gives more than just a glib record.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL
FA Cup. Fourth Round—Chelsea v Leeds. Stamford Bridge. Sat 3 pm. (District Line to Fulham Broadway then short walk.) Best match of the round. Chelsea beat Cup holders Liverpool away in last round now take on beaten finalists Leeds
Tottenham Hotspur v Burnley. White Hart Lane. Sat 3 pm. (Frequent trains to White Hart Lane from Liverpool Street Station.) Old Cup enemies meet yet again. Burnley often do well at White Hart Lane
West Ham v Blackburn. Upton Park. Sat 3 pm. (District Line to Upton Park)
Inter-Cities Fairs Cup. **Chelsea v AC Milan.** 7.30 pm. Stamford Bridge. Wed. (District Line to Fulham Broadway then short walk)
FA Amateur Cup—Second Round – Hendon v Leytonstone. Claremont Road. Sat 3 pm. (Northern Line to Golders Green then bus 226.) Last season's amateur Cup holders against London rivals

RUGBY UNION
England v Ireland. Twickenham. Sat 2.45 pm. (Trains Waterloo to Twickenham then short walk. Or District Line to Richmond then bus 73 from Richmond police station.) England aim to atone for that defeat by Wales
London Welsh v London Irish. Old Deer Park, Richmond. Sat 11 am. (District Line to Richmond or train to Richmond from Waterloo then short walk.) Good clash of the Celtic exiles to take in before the international. And it's on the way there too
Richmond v Blackheath. Athletic Ground, Richmond. Sat 11 am. (District Line to Richmond or train from Waterloo. Then short walk.) Another stirring pre-international clash
St Mary's Hospital v Rugby. Udney Park Road, Teddington. Sat 11 am. (Train from Waterloo to Teddington.) Yet another choice of game on the way to the big match. Good pointer to imminent Hospitals Cup competition
Wasps v Cambridge University. Sat. (Piccadilly Line to Sudbury Town)

STEEPLECHASING
Lingfield Park. Sat. (Trains from Victoria to Lingfield Park. 9 min past hour. 55 min journey)
Leicester. Mon, Tues. (Train from St Pancras to Leicester. Then special bus service to course)
Ascot Heath. Wed, Thurs. (Train Waterloo to Ascot 24, 54 min past hour. One-hour journey. Green Line Coach 701)
Newbury. Fri. (Train from Paddington to Newbury racecourse station)

SQUASH
Jesters v Ireland. Lansdowne Club. 9 Fitzmaurice Place, W1. Sun 3.30 pm

FENCING
Challenge Martini International Epee. Qualifying rounds. AFA headquarters, 83 Perham Road, West Kensington. Sat, Sun. 10.30 am. (Piccadilly Line to Baron's Court or District Line to West Kensington)

REAL TENNIS
Henry Leaf Cup. Public Schools Old Boys. Queen's Club 1st Round. Sat, Sun. Queen's Club 10.0 am (District Line Baron's Court)

POINT-TO-POINT
The Staff College and RMA Sandhurst Draghunt. 1 pm. Tweseldown, nr. Aldershot. (Train from Waterloo to Aldershot then local bus service.) Opening meeting of the southern season

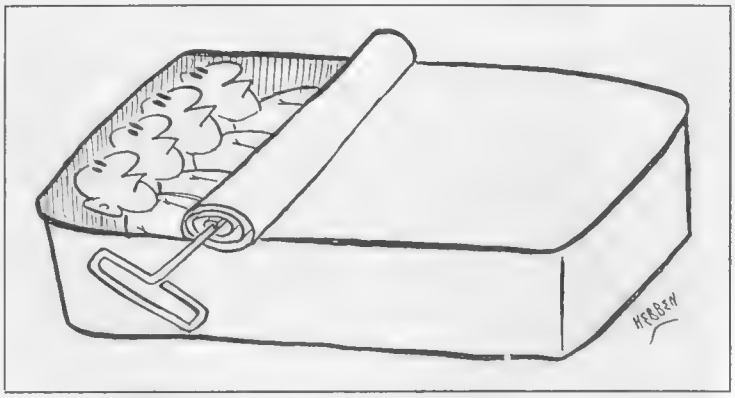
MOTOR SPORT
Brands Hatch. Sun 12 noon. Mini-7 Car Club. (Trains from Victoria to Swanley 14 min past hour)

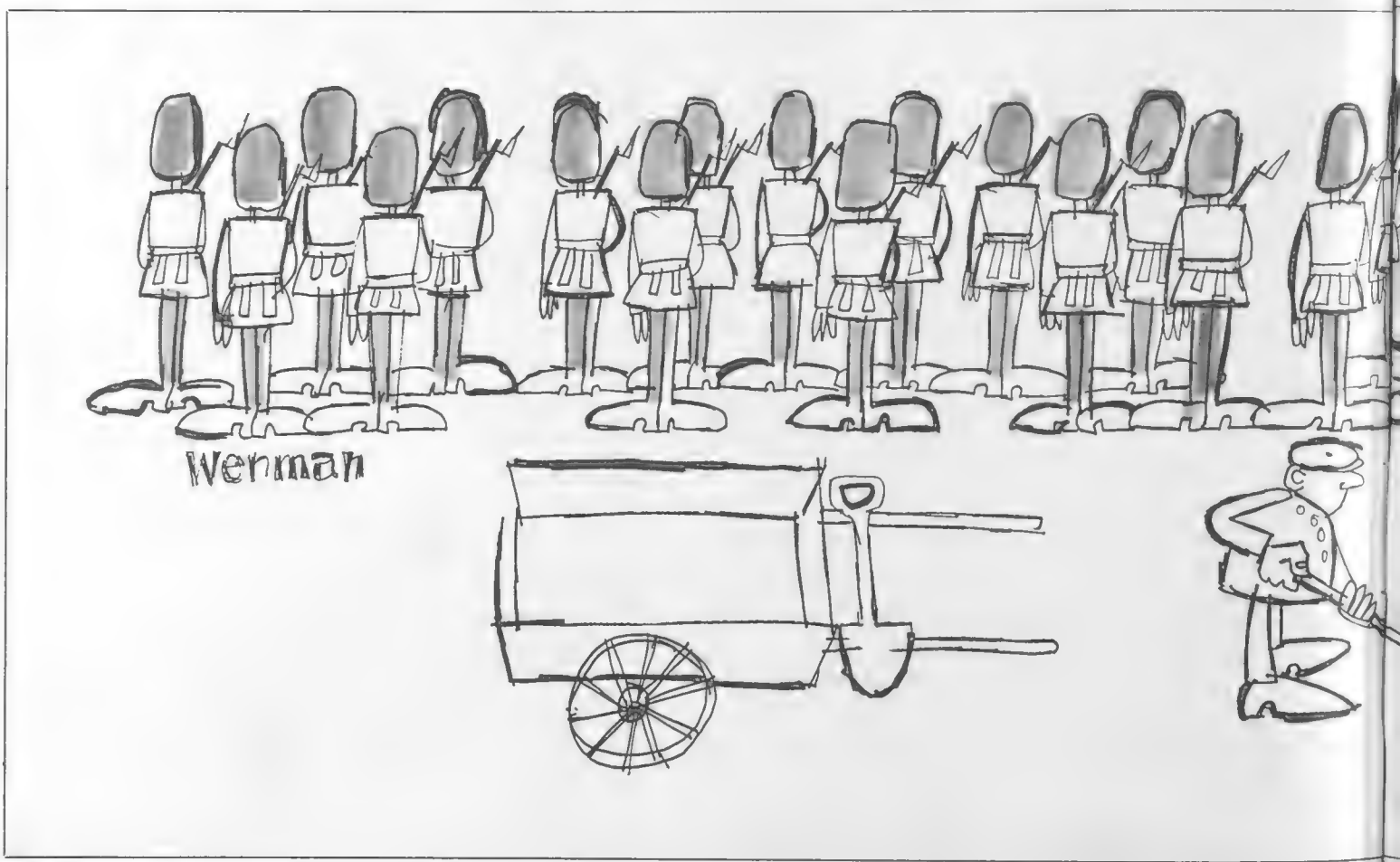
RACKETS
Army v Combined Services. Championship. Sun and all week. Queen's Club. (Central Line to Baron's Court)

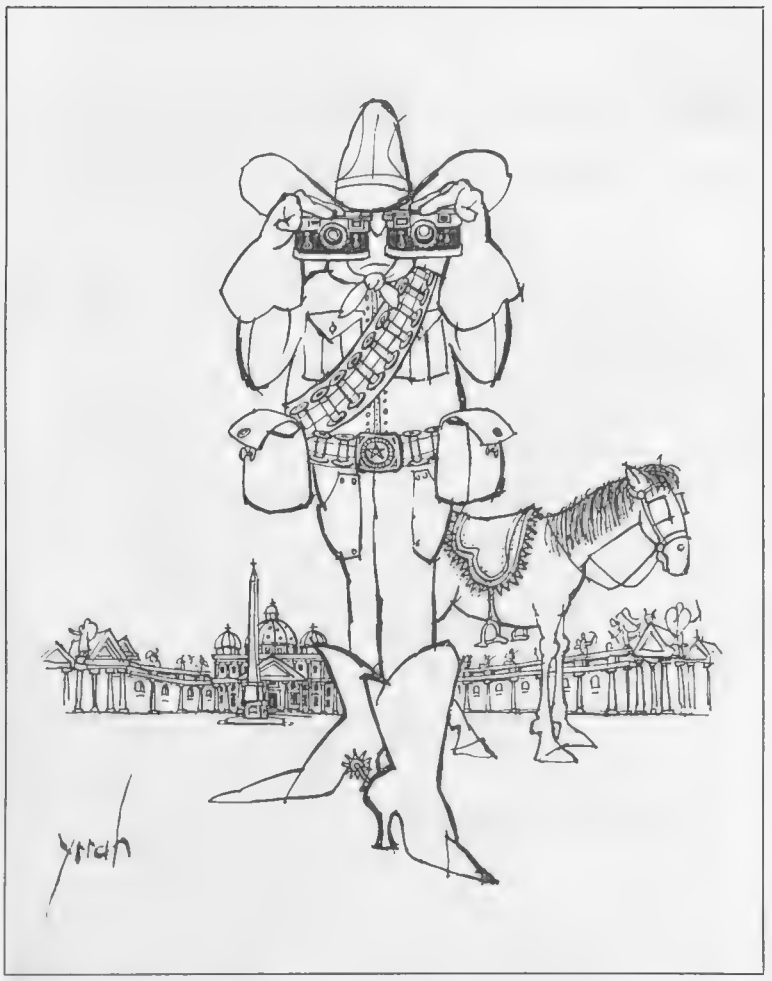
JUDO
British Judo Association National Trials. Sat 10 am. Crystal Palace National Recreation Centre. (Trains from Victoria and London Bridge to Crystal Palace.) Restaurant facilities. No dogs admitted to Centre

GREYHOUND RACING
Harringay, Mon and Fri 7.30 pm (Piccadilly Line to Manor House)
Hendon, Mon and Fri, 7.45 pm (Northern Line to Brent)
Park Royal, Mon and Fri 2.30 pm (Bakerloo Line to Harlesden then bus 12)
Stamford Bridge, Thurs 2.30. Sat 6.15 pm (District Line to Fulham Broadway then short walk)
Walthamstow, Tues and Sat 7.45 pm (Buses 34 58 144 to Crooked Billet, then short walk)
Wembley, Mon and Fri 7.45 pm (Metropolitan and Bakerloo lines to Wembley Park)
White City, Thurs and Sat 7.30 pm (Central Line to White City)
Wimbledon, Wed and Fri 7.45 pm (District Line to Wimbledon)

LAUGH WITH LONDON LIFE







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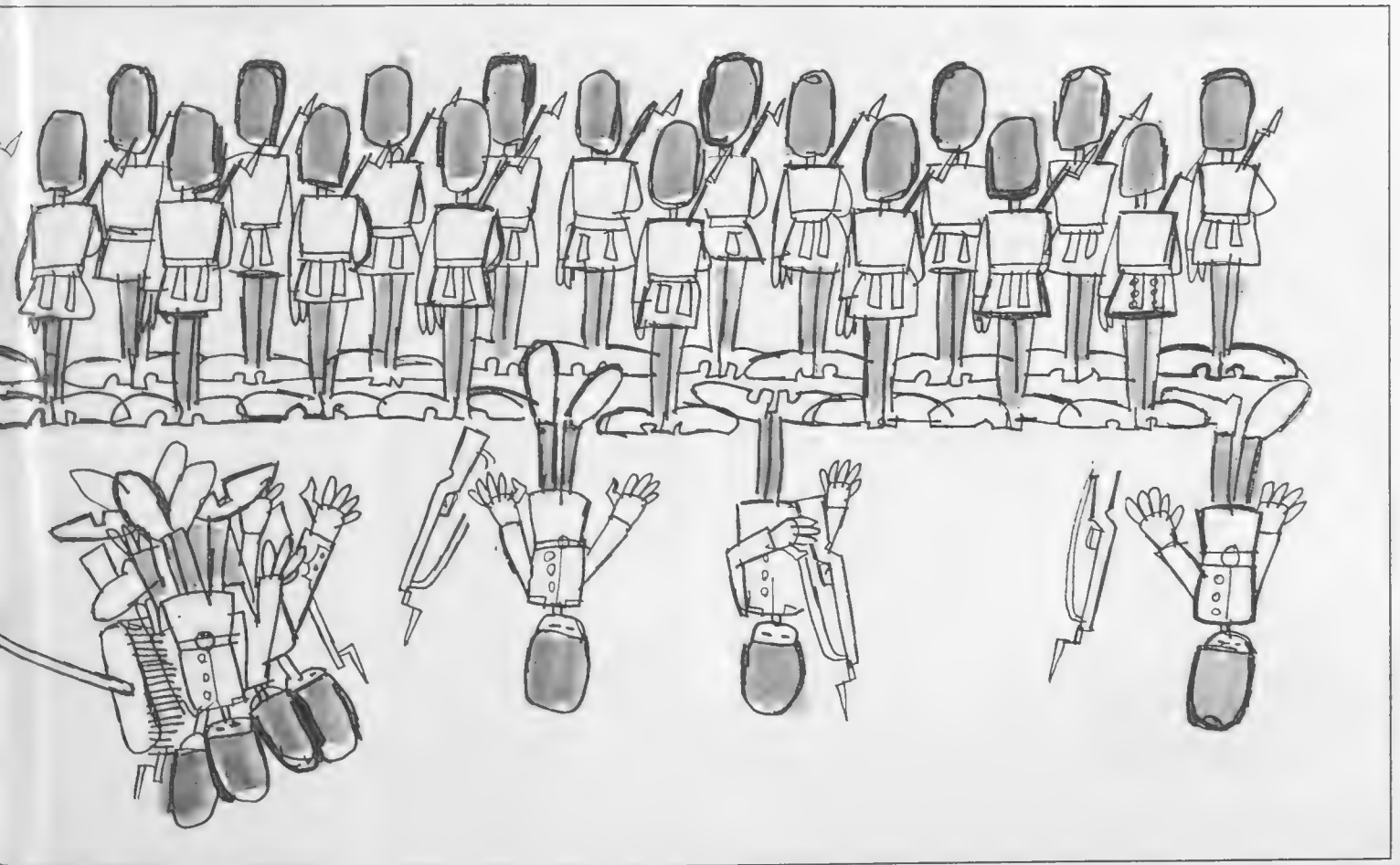

something to say...

Tonga – best dog

I was interested in Anthony Cave Brown's article on dogs in *London Life*, and immediately thought of a marvellous creature I once owned.

A few years ago, I was very keen on bull terriers, and I had the offer of a dog from a group captain in the RAF. A famous bull terrier breeder pointed to this puppy, and said: "It won't make any show ring," and I got it for £6. I took it to Chelsea for obedience classes.

One of the instructors there said: "He's a wonderful dog. Why don't you show him?" So I put him into the Hendon Show, and he became best dog of his class, and went on to win 48 prizes, eight of them at Cruft's.

When he was a puppy, I had to give him a kennel name. The Queen of Tonga happened to be in London. I admired her very much, and so called him Tonga. I received a letter from the Queen of Tonga to say how delighted she was that he had been called after her.

Maurice Woodruff,
New End, NW3

Showing a leg

Doubtless Miss Kennington (29 January) has fair justification for her panning of the scene and, indeed, the services, at London Airport. Although I am of that other sex, who except on the rarest of occasions would achieve nothing by showing a leg, life to me at the air exits of Great Britain has been reasonably tolerable.

London Airport has a colossal, choked, chastened, chided and chivvied staff who try desperately to please vast numbers of air passengers. But take Manchester Airport, which is, by the way, the second busiest in the country.

You enter a modern check-in hall, are greeted by a smiling staff and notice, perhaps with some amazement, a lack of fellow passengers being harassed. It's simple really. Even the slowest of us could not fail to gather in which direction we should move to arrive at the appropriate building for boarding an aircraft.

A couple of minutes in the check-in hall, an escalator to the passenger concourse with its useful shopping centre, a glance at the guide signs and a cup of coffee . . . then a stroll along the appropriate pier – no passenger coaches here – and board the plane virtually at your leisure.

That's Manchester. No rushing, pushing or wrong turnings, and Manchester Airport has a punctuality record rated as one of the best in the country. Incidentally, it also has the cheapest car parking facilities on the BEA domestic routes!

Barrie Mattei,
Regent's Park, NW1

Sorry, no number

Is automation getting out of hand? There are times when the whole magic business becomes a little frightening.

After trying a number which began with a code and not a place name, I called the operator to test the line as it had been engaged all morning. She asked me the name of the person and where he lived. I was able to supply the name, but not even the county he lived in, as the only number I had been given was a long list of letters and numbers, meaning nothing to me, but everything to the telephone's intricate and marvellous system.

"I can't help you if you can't give me the address," she replied. "Our codes are not the same you know. How can I guess the name of a town or village?"

I called directory inquiries as suggested.

"We can, of course, give you the code you should dial, but we cannot give the town corresponding to a code number."

It seems completely mad that we should be forced to dial a code number, but be completely at a loss when their system does not work.

I am also slightly embarrassed – though fascinated – by the number of phone calls I find myself overhearing, simply by dialling an ordinary number and getting a crossed line. I now hesitate before starting any kind of intimate or funny conversation that could be misinterpreted by listeners-in.

Audrey Jeans,
Wallis Fields,
Epsom, Surrey

Such a glow

Thank you for the pleasant surprise of the publication of my last letter. Being included among such distinguished company on your "Something To Say" page has brought a welcome glow to an otherwise unmentionable week, and destroyed (at least temporarily) my impression that only Top People were destined to gain admittance to your columns.

The company was perhaps so distinguished that I can hear people asking: "Who IS this John Shimwell fellow?" Perhaps in a few years the question will no longer be necessary; the toy shop door stands ajar, and you never know your luck, do you.

John Shimwell,
Streatham, SW16

This correspondence is now open. – EDITOR.

Fair do's

One of the best features of your excellent magazine is the record review by Anita Harris. Written in a nice, light style . . . professionally informative. . . . However I must quarrel with the phrase used in your contents section, "A Singer Too Good For Success!"

Anita Harris must surely be one of the rare examples of a singer whose success has not depended on the "hit" record. Her television appearances on such quality shows as "Braden Beat" prove this. I have just returned from Italy and I can tell you that she is as big a name as anyone could wish to judge success by. So please, fair descriptive do's for the best singer in the country.

Pamela Mason.
Tower Flats, W8

Home of democracy

We are angry because this nation still has no sense of direction. We blame the politicians, the legislators, the union leaders, the stop-go policies of successive governments of small men without real vision. It is they who have caused Britain to flounder.

Yet in Britain democracy was born. Tolerance learned through our expansive international history is deep-seated. There are great technical minds in Britain and an immense creative capacity. A brilliantly capable and vital new generation is all around us. Britain is a compact, talented, ingenious nation superbly equipped to weld Europe, the Commonwealth and the Atlantic Alliance. Yet we are passive, half-aware, boxed in by this dismal teleocracy of government by appeasement – appeasement of crass bloodymindedness on the part of unionists who will not put the national interest first, appeasement of management which refuses to face social change, appeasement of a runaway bureaucracy.

Film business relies upon a co-operation of capital with the ideas, initiative and creativity of talented people who believe in something. As filmmakers, our appeal is for a director for Britain who would initiate a re-make of "I Know Where I'm Going." We don't want to see Britain fade away. We live and work here!

Peter Newbrook and
Robert Hartford-Davis,
Shepperton Studios,
Middlesex

London night life

I'm getting just a little tired of hearing people say when talking of where to go at night – "Don't go to so-and-so. It's a clip joint."

Yet the same people get really soaked when they try the New York and Paris night life – and don't complain!

London is still the best and cheapest town to whoop it up in the early hours. It amazes me that in this sophisticated age some people expect to dine, dance and of course drink until 3 am at four-ale bar prices.

Then there's the type who say – "We went to the Pigalle last night and had a jolly good time but they gave us a bill for £50."

Upon checking we find that the party numbered six people and they ordered the odd magnum or two of champagne, had wine with every course and generally drank as though it was going out of fashion.

But that's the night club business for you.

Brian O'Hanlon,
Berkeley Street, W1

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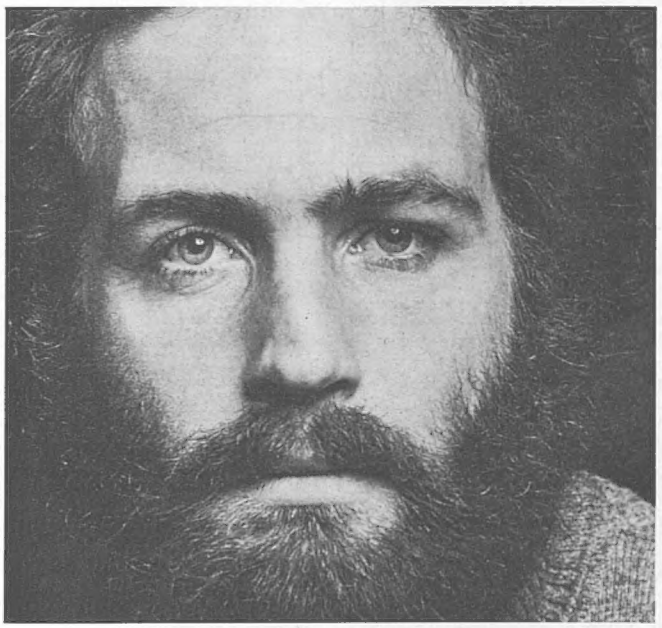

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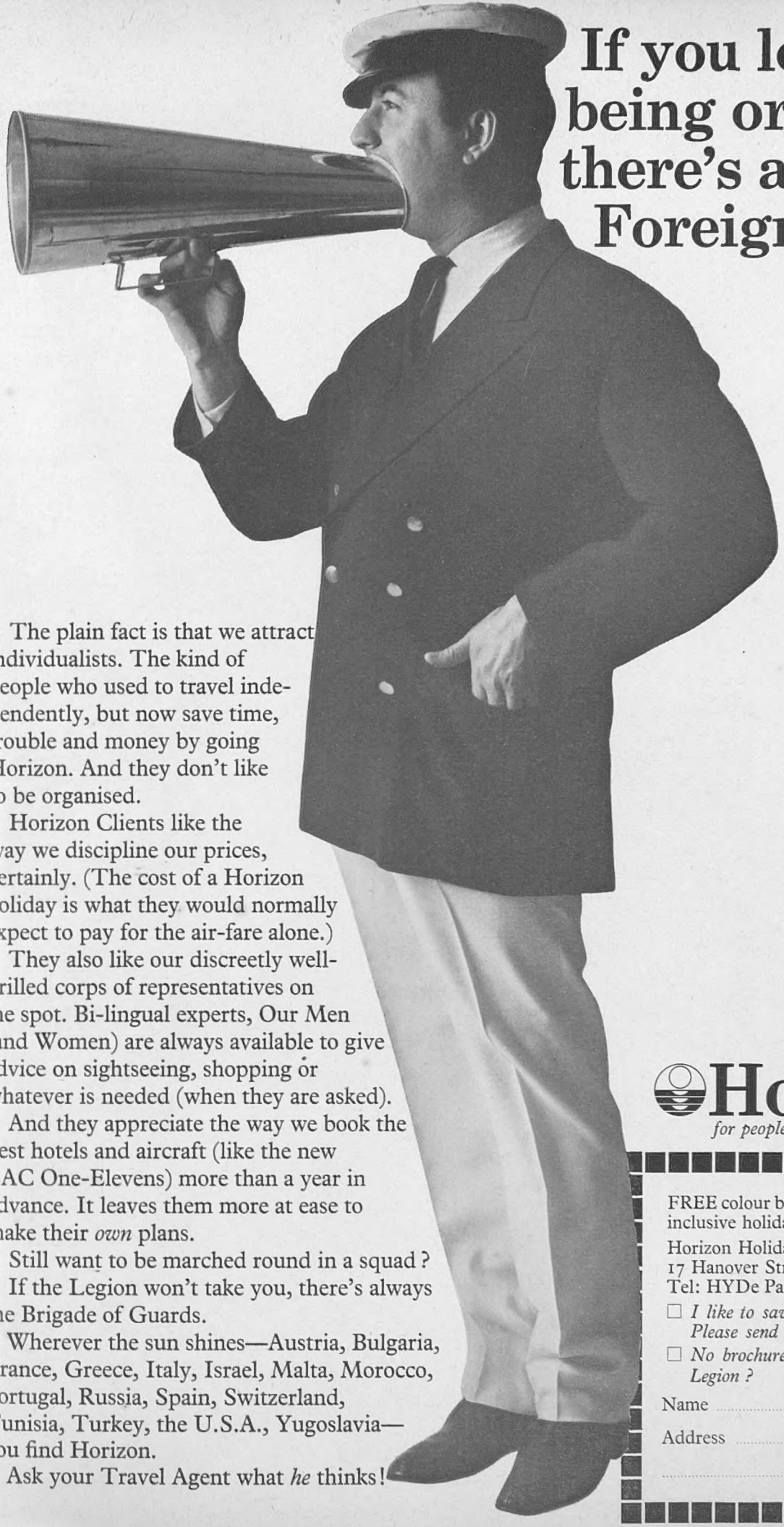

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